

THE AMERICAN AWEEKLY

Greatest
Circulation
in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
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Week of Aug. 10, 1947



Beauty on Parade

A SERIES of PAINTINGS by
DAVID WRIGHT

Royal Secret

By Arthur Mefford

LONDON.
THOUGH 265 years have passed since the death of Nell Gwyn, beloved toast of the London stage and mistress of King Charles II, every so often something happens to revive her memory.

Such was recently the case when a workman loosening bomb-blasted stones at Windsor Guildhall, poked his pneumatic drill into an hitherto unknown secret of the famous couple's romance.

The drill suddenly plunged into space, hurling the workman flat on his face, and inflicting painful injuries. Investigation established he had penetrated a tunnel which led from the romantic king's castle to the site of another historic house which, until her death in 1687, Nell Gwyn had called her home.

The tunnel, cleared of debris, ex-

posed an arched doorway of Spanish marble, with the walls of the 800-foot passage built of tooled limestone.

The tunnel was about four feet wide, and its arched ceiling about seven feet above the flagstone floor. At the other end was another marble archway, some 15 feet under the site of another bomb-demolished house.

This was the second subterranean passage known to have been used by King Charles to make his calls on the glamorous first lady of the stage. The other was discovered during the war, in the Chelsea section, connecting two other mansions occupied by the King and Nell from time to time.

One end of the Chelsea tunnel starts under Sanford Manor House, now the shops of the Fulham Gas Works, where Nell Gwyn supported her mother until the old lady, in 1679, drowned herself accidentally while inebriated. The other end is under the turf of the Horticultural Ground of Royal Hospital, once the site of another King Charles castle.

Though All London Knew That King Charles II Loved Beautiful Actress Nell Gwyn He Managed to Keep His Visits to Her Concealed by Use of a Secret Passageway.



Illustrated
by
R. F.
SCHABELITZ

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duce Charles, early in their romance, to create a foundation for today's Chelsea Hospital.

Nell was born in an alley leading off Drury Lane, after her father, Thomas, a broken-down Welsh soldier, deserted his family and they were evicted. Neighbors took mother and baby in, and in a few days the hardy Eleanor, mother of Nell whom she christened with the same name, obtained work as a charwoman.

Half-starved during early childhood, Nell, at 14, became the counterpart of the modern cigarette girl, except, instead of peddling smokes in nightclubs, she sold oranges, then a delicacy in England, at exorbitant prices in Drury Lane Theatre.

Petite, beautiful, with reddish-brown hair reaching nearly to her knees, she quickly became a favorite. A year later she was offered the role of Cydaria—Montezuma's daughter—in Dryden's 17th century hit, "Indian Emperor."

She made good. Witty and warm-

hearted, she was courted by a dozen nobles and near-nobles, many of them four times her age, before she was 16. Then, King Charles attended a "command" performance.

Nell, as Cydaria, stole the show and the King's heart. And from then on, the historians say, she was true to him, in spite of the fact that he could not marry her—a commoner—nor restrain his interest in other belles.

Even after the birth of Nell's first son, Charles continued his fickleness. No doubt that may have had something to do with Nell's mounting popularity; that and her royal protector's pursuit of Nell's leading rival, the French-born Louise de Keroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, who was disliked by the English public.

Also the fact that Charles had given Nell the key to his private purse, and that she was a generous dispenser of funds to the poor, no doubt added to her popularity.

Never during the years of their association did Nell evince jealousy, hostility at her royal consort's conduct. She kept her good temper, ready wit and charming smile, apparently satisfied with her lot—the amazing privilege of a girl born in the gutter rising to the honor of being the King's favorite.

Shortly after Charles' ardor for the brilliant, brunette Duchess of Portsmouth cooled, Nell bore him a second son. And it must be said Charles took care of them in fitting style. For the elder he created the title Baron Hedington and the Earl of Buford, and later the title, Duke of St. Albans.

The younger son, handed the title James, Lord Beaucherk, by his royal father, died at the age of 15. But the descendants of the elder carried

on their heritages and were accepted socially generation after generation.

Sweet Nell Gwyn had to accept her share of sorrows along with the less fortunate. Even before the birth of her first son she had seen to it that her mother gave up her floor-scrubbing duties and established her in a large house of her own, with a maid and butler.

But the old lady had a will of her own. Apparently she could not stand prosperity, because daily she visited her old haunts in the alleyways off Drury Lane, where she had acquired, in her youth, a fine thirst and a hearty liking for ale. There she'd imbibe until she had to be carried home.

One night while she was in her cups, but still able to stagger along, she got lost in a fog and stumbled into the Thames.

It was not long after that when Sweet Nell, still wearing mourning weeds for her mother, suffered her second bereavement. King Charles suddenly sickened and died. But on his dying bed he revealed—for him—a strange constancy of love. In his last moments he whispered to his brother, who was to succeed him as King James II:

"Let not poor Nelly starve!"

To King James' credit it may be said he followed his brother's orders. For the remainder of Nell Gwyn's life he paid her debts from the Secret Service Fund, and saw to it that her sons were educated.

Nell, after losing her youngest son when he was 15, died within a few years at the age of 36. She lies buried in the churchyard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Her funeral sermon was preached by its vicar, Thomas Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who, according to historians, said "much to her praise!"



ADVERTISEMENT



Mrs. Dixie Walker was a New York City secretary when she met a rookie ball player from Georgia. They were married May 2, 1936—after a two-year courtship. The Walker clan includes Fred Jr. 9, Mary Ann 5, Susan 3.



Song writer Dixie Walker had a short career. He collaborated on one ballad—failed to make a hit. Dixie loves to sing. Wishes he could play piano. Mary Ann is the music maker. Gladly plays her new piece, "Curious Story."

ADVERTISEMENT



Worth \$11,250,000. That's what a fan paid for Walker at a War Bond Auction! Dixie keeps his high-priced talent in condition by golf during winter months. His year-around training program includes lots of Wheaties.



Dixie leads the family in batting. "But I don't know who's the champion Wheaties eater," he admits. "We all enjoy 'em plenty often." Like that in your family? Had your Wheaties today? Good nourishment. Good flavor.



Fred Jr. is an third generation pitched for the first job was in



keep me satisfied," says Dixie. Real nourishment in Wheaties. Three B vitamins. Iron. Protein. Energy. All the calcium of 100% whole wheat. Check the important nutrients listed on Wheaties box.



Brooklyn's favorite citizen: Dixie. America's and favorite whole wheat flakes: Wheaties. Crisp and Fill a bowl with Wheaties. Add milk and fruit what swell eating! "Breakfast of Champions."

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A Lot of Questions Are Raised When a Pretty Girl Finds Herself Out of a Will.

WHEN a girl who looks like a million—who has lived like a million and has held the love of a man reputed to be worth a million is cut off without a cent in his will, it raises a lot of questions.

It certainly raised plenty in the mind of blue-eyed, platinum blond Dorothy Rollar, 28, former hatcheck girl, when in January 1945, her self-declared common-law husband, August Janssen, Jr., wealthy restaurateur-playboy-turfman, died in January 1945 at the age of 40.

After her ten-year romance, Dorothy found herself left with nothing more than household furnishings, a few paintings and a second hand car—all valued at \$1,075.

Dismayed by this turn of fortune Dorothy said:

"I can't understand why he would cut me off! I was accepted by his family and our friends as his wife. He was the most devoted husband you've ever met. Several times he told me that I was well provided for in his will."



Dorothy's Vanished Million

Besides, Dorothy said, she thought that her late "husband" had close to a million dollars at the time of his death, but an accounting valued his estate at around \$250,000.

To complicate matters the Government stepped in with back tax bills for the years 1939 to 1944 which may devour all but \$23,636 of the estate.

The Janssen family, reportedly refusing to admit Dorothy as Janssen's "widow," turned the matter over to Attorney Lawrence Russack, who was named executor.

When Dorothy appeared recently in Surrogate Court to establish herself as the legal widow of the wealthy businessman, the executor resisted her claim. She then sought recourse in the courts through her attorney, William Lambert, who declared he could prove Dorothy's marriage to Janssen took place in a state "outside New York where such marriages are considered legal."

As this is written, Dorothy wasn't sure she could press her claim. She said:

"I think I'll give up my suit. By the time the government collects the taxes, the executor is compensated and the other costs are paid, there will be little left. I'm not interested in the few thousand dollars. I don't want any trouble with anyone. Few people will ever know how deep down

this whole thing has hurt me. I just want to get away and try to live my life once more...if I can."

Janssen left everything to his mother, Mrs. Alice Janssen, a sister, Mrs. Alice Fearons, both of New York City; another sister, Mrs. Dorothy Szlapka, of Washington, D. C.; and a contingent interest to his brother, Werner Janssen, Hollywood composer-conductor.

Were Dorothy and Janssen really married? Why did Janssen cut off the woman he loved for ten years, knowing full well she was incapable of supporting herself in a style to which he had accustomed her? How was it that Janssen, who amassed a fortune as a hard-headed businessman, allowed his taxes to fall into delinquency, jeopardizing what wealth he left? Did the Janssen family, and Dorothy's friends, actually believe them to be man and wife?

These are puzzling questions. Perhaps the answers lie in the story of their ten-year romance and life together...a story that goes back to the year 1935.

Augie Janssen, a dynamic 30-year-old business executive, was busy making a fortune through operation of Janssen's Haufbrau, a popular mid-Manhattan restaurant. He worked hard and he played hard. He was a free spender, a gambler for high

When August Janssen, Jr., Rich Restaurateur-Playboy, Died, the Former Hatcheck Girl Who Thought She Was His Common-Law Wife Found She Was Penniless.

stakes, and a familiar figure in the ranks of New York cafe society.

Late in the year 1935 an 18-year-old eye-ful of loveliness, in the person of Dorothy Roller, took the hatcheck concession at the Haufbrau. Augie checked his hat, his coat and his heart. It was that way with them from the moment they smiled into each other's eyes.

For three years, according to Dorothy, they enjoyed a romantic friendship. Then they decided to become "Mr. and Mrs." and did so through a common-law marriage in a state where such marital bonds are recognized, she says.

In those ten years they enjoyed life. There were sumptuous apartments in New York's mid-fifties; rounds of gay parties attended by celebrities of stage, screen, radio and the literary world; vacations at the most famous spas and resorts in this country, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Bermuda, and the Bahamas.

There were glittering jewels and beautiful gowns created by the most famous international designers; sleek

cars, chartered yachts and nothing to worry about except as to whether or not the next 24 hours would allow enough time for the pleasures that lay ahead.

There were brilliant first nights, swank clubs, the thrill of betting thousands on thoroughbreds. There was the added thrill for Dorothy as she watched the two race horses Augie had given her—Gossip Time and Billy's Folly—thunder down the stretch toward the wire.

With Janssen's untimely death, all of that gay and carefree existence vanished over night.

When interviewed at the unostentatious Long Island City apartment, where she was living under the name of Mrs. August Janssen, Jr., Dorothy said:

"I've got to get away. I can't stand it here any longer. The money no longer interests me. I'm going to California, to try and start my life all over again. We...I mean, I, have friends out there who might be able to help. Maybe it will help... maybe it won't."

Lawrence Tierney's BIG PROBLEM

By Burton Rascoe

EVERY prizefighter, every professional strong man, and every actor who plays "tough guy" roles in the movies is at the mercy of any drunken stumblebum or smart aleck who wants to insult him or push him around.

He has to swallow his pride and manhood and take it, from jibes to jabs.

If he shows normal resentment and lets fly with his fists, flooring his tormentor, it is just too bad for him. He is whipped any way you look at it.

At worst he might be held for manslaughter because men have been killed by blows in the ring and in street fights.

At best he might be held for assault or sued for damages, even if his tormentor's injuries are slight.

And the odds are against him with almost any jury, for the assumption would be that he was at an unfair advantage because of his skill and strength—and ability to pay.

Mickey Walker and other prize ring champions have had to employ bodyguards to ease away gently the sort of weaklings with inferiority complexes who, with a few drinks under their belts, want to take a punch at a prizefighter and brag about it.

Whenever Jack Dempsey spots a truculent character of that sort, he gets out of his sight as soon as possible. Professional strong men accept the indignity of being insulted and struck heavy blows by strangers. Houdini was killed that way.

Lawrence Tierney recently spent time on a prison farm pondering the melancholy fact that, as a professional "tough guy" of the movies, he is in the business of getting slapped in bars and other public places.

The actor had been sentenced to 90 days at hard labor but was paroled after serving less than half the time. He still is under two years probation and has promised to join Alcoholics Anonymous and avoid liquor.

In the movies he can slap back, if so directed. But not in real life when some stew comes up to him, sneers "So you think you are tough, eh?" and flips up his nose with the edge of a hand. He must take it.

It is an occupational hazard he will have to get used to, just as Charles Bickford, Humphrey Bogart and other toughies of the movies had to do. And be philosophical about it.

It seems that Tierney held his punches whenever strangers sneered at him as a tough guy and tried to provoke him into a fight. But resentments would pile up in him. And when he got liquored up he would strike his kid brother (18 years old) or some pal in the movie colony.

The psychiatrists call that "vicarious compensation for emotional frustration." All it means is that Tierney hit somebody he was fond of when he couldn't hit somebody he didn't like.

As when a man picks a quarrel with his wife when the one he really wants to quarrel with is the Collector of Internal Revenue or his boss.

While in stir for engaging once too often in a drunken brawl with his

kid brother, Tierney swore off liquor and lectured his fellow prisoners on the evils of drink, using himself as a horrible example.

His well-wishers and his movie employers are happy to hear about his reform. He has been a headache to them ever since he was blazoned forth as a star in the title role of the movie, "Dillinger."

Tierney had a fine record up until then. A good student, he was also a star athlete at Boys' High School in Brooklyn and at Manhattan College. He worked as a sandhog on a Hudson River tunnel and wanted to be a construction engineer, but got into the acting profession by accident.

One night he was waiting for a girl at the stage entrance to the theatre of the New Rochelle (N. Y.) Players, an amateur organization. The manager mistook him for an actor and offered him a job. He found he could act. An RKO talent scout caught him in a bit part in a play put on by the Blackfriars, an experimental theatre group in New York, and gave him a film contract.

Came stardom in "Dillinger." As a tough guy, a killer. Came also the

usual experience of players of such roles. Half-wits who recognized him in the street or while he was having a peaceable drink in a bar would brush into him and sneer, "Tough guy, eh? You don't look so tough to me."

Some would try to provoke him into a fight, so they could lie about how they once gave the film Dillinger a shellacking.

Tierney had enough sense not to lose his temper with such nuisances, even when they called him yellow. He got some bad publicity once for scrapping with a chance acquaintance in a hotel in New York.

But thereafter he brooded over insults and brawled only at movie colony parties and with his brother—until a Beverly Hills judge gave him 90 days for disturbing the peace.

Tierney promises hereafter to hold his peace no matter what happens.

But the sufferance of fools can go too far. Houdini, probably the greatest magician of modern times, had a strong-man act in his repertory as a vaudeville entertainer. He would

put a steel plate across his abdomen and allow himself to be hit there with a sledgehammer.

Some McGill University students called at his dressing room after a matinee performance in Montreal, bringing along a college athlete.

While Houdini was relaxed and answering their questions about his ability to withstand blows when braced for them, the athlete launched several quick and unexpected blows to the pit of Houdini's stomach.

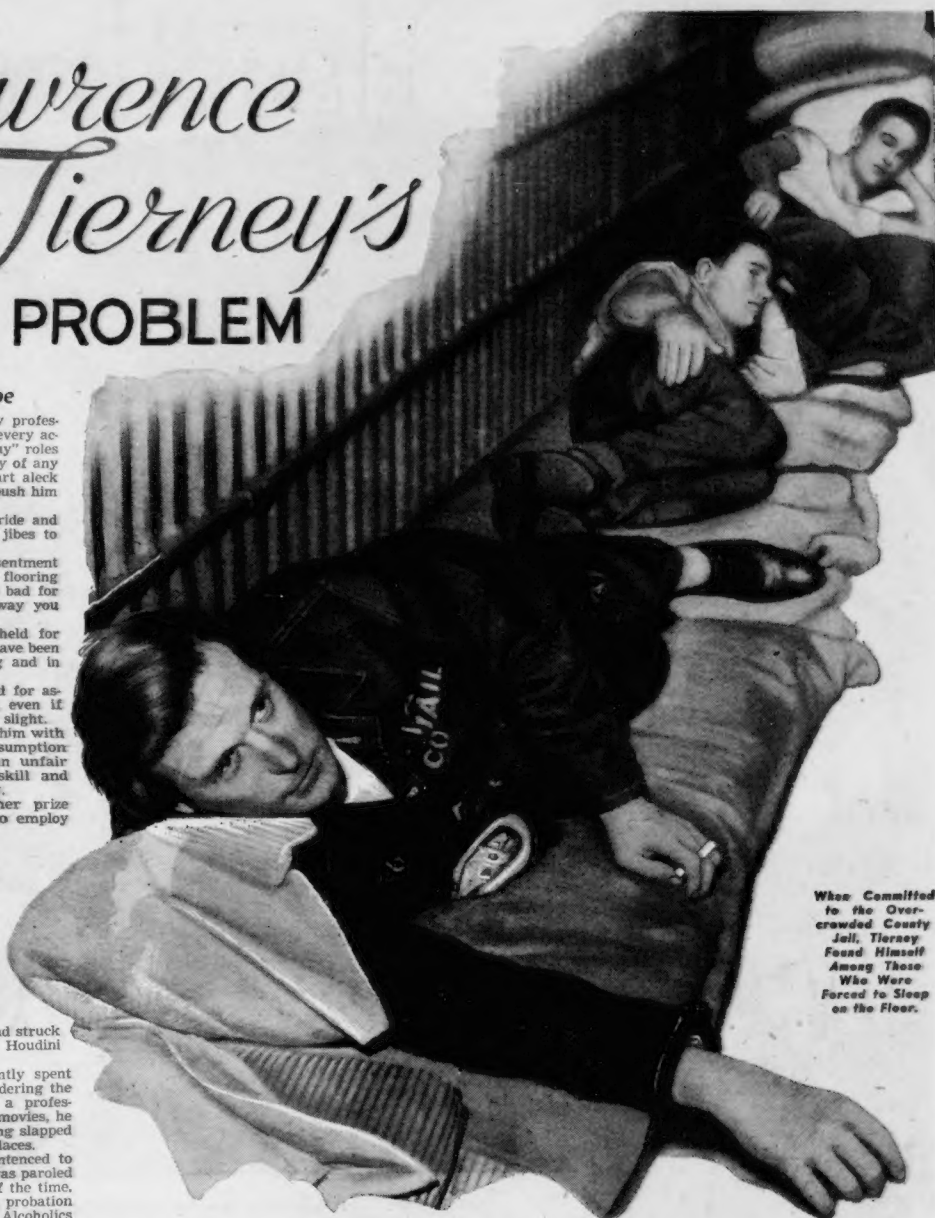
These blows produced ruptures and hemorrhages from which the great Houdini died in a few hours.

No one was held for Houdini's death. It was an unforeseen accident, not indictable. The kids were sorry. The lad who struck the blow was desolate.

But it was homicide just the same. The stupid, thoughtless homicide of some collegiate show-offs who wanted to go around bragging that the great Houdini was not as tough as he pretended to be.

They proved it. Houdini is dead.

When Committed to the Overcrowded County Jail, Tierney Found Himself Among Those Who Were Forced to Sleep on the Floor.



Heartbreaks



The Violinist Was Playing to the Princess and Winking at Her as He Played. She Set Down Her Glass and Called the Headwaiter.

CAPT. EBEN WARD squinted at the squalling infant in his hands and announced:

"So, miss, ye'd try to knock your father's plans galley west, would ye? If ye'd been a boy, the rest would be simple, with me handing the finest fleet on the Great Lakes over to ye on your 21st birthday."

"As it is—well, ye seem to have the spunk and the temper of a Ward, and I'll do the rest. Ye'll be taking the place of the boy I'm not to have and his responsibilities, too. Young lady, ye'll be the next boss of the Ward lines; Queen of the Quarterdecks and Duchess of Detroit."

Clara Ward might have wound up like that, a freshwater Tugboat Annie on a much larger and grander scale.

She had the energy and the wilfulness and the domineering personality of her father; but she never had the chance to help make his fondest dream come true.

Captain Eben died when she was two and Clara's energy and zest for life were destined to take another direction; a direction that was to find her the bride of a prince, the runaway companion of a pauper and, finally, an exile from her family, her native land, and society.

Had her father lived, or had her mother been

the executive, instead of a social woman; well, — As it was, Mrs. Eben Ward soon left Detroit and the shipping business and, with Clara and several million dollars left by the captain, went to New York.

Mother and daughter held court in the old Waldorf-Astoria, where the Empire State Building now stands, both beaming and basking in the glare of publicity.

With her youth and beauty—and several million dollars—Mrs. Ward didn't remain a widow for long. She married Alexander Cameron, a Scot, and they took Clara with them to Toronto.

Canada, in the 1880s, wasn't big enough or good enough for Clara. She was shipped off to a fashionable school for very young ladies in England in an effort to subdue her wild animal spirits. It didn't work.

HER mother was asked, politely but firmly, to "withdraw" her child. The list of reasons would have made her a perfect running mate for Peck's Bad Boy.

Mrs. Cameron sighed and tried other schools, in England and Europe. Clara flunked in deportment at every school, finally punched a bearded instructor of history, and was returned to New York.

That was a mistake, too. Clara, at 17, was

August 10, 1947

Illustrated by WENDELL KLING

OF Society *By* Gene Coughlin

too far advanced even for The Gay White Way, and her mother took her to Cannes, on the Riviera.

Mrs. Cameron let the eligible bachelors hear the rustle of her banknotes; let them observe the charms of her buxom daughter, and announced, in effect, she was in the market for a son-in-law. Preferably a man several years older than Clara; a man to act as a steady influence.

Prince Joseph de Caraman-Chimay of Belgium seemed to fit the requirements. He was 32, 15 years older than Clara; he had one of the best titles in Europe.

He was steady, too. He hadn't been able to afford much in the way of wild and riotous living.

Clara surveyed the tall, dark and handsome prince; admired his luxuriant brown moustache, and gave him \$500,000 of the Ward money, along with her consent.

THEY were married May 30, 1890, in the Nunciature, Rue de Varennes, Paris. The significance of the event was attested by the presence, as witnesses, of the Earl of Lytton and Whitelaw Reid, official representative of the United States government.

The bride plunged with typical energy into the job of repairing her royal husband's fortunes, as well as restoring the ancestral acres. It cost \$1,500,000 of Captain Eben Ward's fortune, but it made the Prince—and Clara's mother—happy.

Clara made her mother happy exactly twice after that. The first time with the birth of Marie; the last time with the arrival of Joseph, Jr.

"Thank goodness!" Mrs. Cameron exclaimed. "Now she's settled down for good."

For a mother, she showed poor discernment. Soon after the birth of the second child, Prince Joseph packed up and set out on a big game hunt

Romancing in Romy, Clara didn't care—while her supply of jewels lasted. When the cupboard was nearly bare, she broke the news to Rigo and he manfully offered to go back to work.

But where? A scheduled appearance in Paris was called off when friends of Prince Joseph announced, in the newspapers, they would pelt the couple with rotten eggs if they even entered the city.

A circus manager in Berlin hurriedly withdrew an offer.

"We are being persecuted," Clara shouted. "We are not criminals. We are properly married."

Whereupon a plump lady in Budapest announced she was still the legal wife of Jancsi Rigo.

Rigo, now bald and fat, his luxuriant moustache streaked with gray, and Clara, keeping pace with his increase in weight, went to Naples.

There, in the railroad station, Clara fell prey to the melting glances of a combination porter and tourist guide, Giuseppe Ricciardo by name. He guided them to an apartment and then conveyed Rigo to a theatrical booking agent.

Rigo came home that night to find Giuseppe, the porter, in his place.

"I kicked him out—into the street," he explained next day. "But while I was doing that, Clara went out, too; the back way. I have not seen them since."

RIGO, the violinist, came to America and resumed his musical career in Harlem night clubs where, after the sixth drink of grappe, he would tearfully exclaim:

"That woman ruined my life. Like she ruined the life of Prince Joseph."

The fact that neither he nor the prince had much in the way of worldly goods before they

met Clara was never mentioned in his lament.

Life with Ricciardo, Clara announced, was one continuous dream—except at intervals when the pangs of hunger turned it into a nightmare.

Unlike Rigo, Ricciardo had no violin and he refused to go back to his career as a baggage smasher or guide. Were there no more rubies? No emeralds, even?

Clara sold the last of her collection and sent two cables to her mother, pleading for reconciliation. Nothing happened.

Then, discarding her pride, she wrote to Oscar Hammerstein, impresario of the old Victoria Theatre on Broadway.

"I AM now a notorious woman," she wrote. "As such, I am almost a freak. People like to see freaks. Why do you not put me on exhibition so that people will pay and stare and say: 'Look, that is Clara Ward, the heiress. The girl who married a prince, ran away with another man, then with still another man! Will you send me transportation, Mr. Hammerstein?'"

Hammerstein was not interested and the desperate Clara played her last trump: an act perilously close to blackmail. In Italy, she made arrangements to pose under her true name for risque photographs.

"But there is not much money to be made there," the photographer objected. "Besides, madame is not so young—the figure—"

"I don't expect them to be works of art," she said. "My plan is simple. I will arrange to let my family know that the pictures are to be circulated—and they will do anything to prevent that happening. You see?"

The photographer nodded and indicated the dressing, or undressing, room, and the pictures were made.

The scheme brought her additional shame and ridicule, but no settlement from the family, because the pictures were distributed prematurely. Boulevardiers of Paris had jeered at the photos and discarded them before Clara's relatives knew of their existence. All they did was to complete her exile.

The dynamic daughter of Captain Eben Ward concentrated all her energies on "the one thing I have left to live for—my Giuseppe." She found, in devious fashions, occasional sums to lavish on the retired porter and he accepted her homage graciously, but he was getting restless.

At 44, Clara was no longer buxom; she was fat. The blond, curly hair was thinning and gray-streaked, and the blue eyes, even when they were laughing, had highlights of fear in them.

ONE night Giuseppe Ricciardo noticed all these things, and left her. "You always walk out on men," he wrote. "Now one man walks out on you."

That was the killing blow for Clara Ward; being spurned and abandoned by a man her father might have seen fit to employ as a deck-hand. For two months she was lost in the sub-strata swirls of Naples night life.

When they found her body in a hovel of a hotel, she seemed to have found peace at last; although the full lips were pouting, and one hand held a comb to the once golden tresses as though, to use her pet phrase, she was "prettifying up to go somewhere."

Next week, The Indomitable Liz Bates.

Unhappy Romances OF Madcap Clara Ward

in Africa. There really wasn't much more for him to do around the house, he explained.

Clara, on the other hand, decided she had plenty of things to do, her marriage and motherhood having kept her out of circulation and trouble much longer than she had anticipated. She invaded Paris with the light of mischief and adventure in her smoky blue eyes.

One night in the gay Cafe Faillard, she set down her wine glass with a violent gesture and summoned the headwaiter.

"That man," she indicated a plump and swarthy violinist. "That man keeps winking at me."

The headwaiter looked at the violinist and sighed.

"He is incorrigible, that Jancsi Rigo," he said. "Like all the gypsies from Hungary. He would make eyes at a queen."

"Does he not know who I am?"

"But, of course, your highness. When you left last night he announced he would compose a song of adoration for the Princess de Caraman-Chimay. Shall I have the fiddler, this camel, thrown into the street?"

The princess reddened and lowered her eyes and whispered:

"No. Ask him to play the song, if he has composed it."

SO JANCISI bowed and played with a fervor that made his great brown moustache quiver. That night and the next, he made love to her with his bow and his sighing strings and his limpid brown eyes.

Clara of the dynamic energy and the ruthless emotions remained the passive partner of the romance until the fifth night. Then she and Jancsi Rigo left the cabaret together and she dispatched a letter, saying good-by to Prince Joseph.

The prince divorced her, naturally, after obtaining a court order under which Clara was to pay \$15,000 a year to educate the children, but was not permitted to visit them. Her mother followed up with court action in Chicago, choking off Clara's income from her father's estate.



Clara Ward as the Princess de Caraman-Chimay — She Spent \$1,500,000 Repairing Her Royal Husband's Fortunes and Restoring His Ancestral Acres.

*Can you
look Monday
in the
Face?*



• Don't shrink at the sight of a big wash. Use Duz. Duz was *made* to take the fuss and bother out of washday. Now this one great soap does *all* your wash—tough or dainty—does it fast, does it clean, does it safe!

Duz gets even the grimmest overalls *clean*, even the dingiest towels *white*. Why, no soap made can beat Duz at getting out dirt! Yet Duz is actually *safer*—even for pretty colored rayon undies—than any other “big-name” washday package soap!

Use those rich, soapy Duz suds for *all* your wash—*'cause Duz does Everything!*

1 NO SOAP CAN BEAT DUZ FOR GETTING TOWELS **WHITE!** NO SOAP GETS WHITE THINGS WHITER!

2 NO SOAP CAN BEAT DUZ FOR GETTING OUT DIRT! DUZ DOES EVEN THE GRIMMIEST OVERALLS **CLEAN!**

3 YET DUZ DOES EVEN DAINTY RAYON UNDIES **SAFER** THAN ANY OTHER LEADING WASHDAY PACKAGE SOAP!

DUZ does Everything
—and I mean *Everything!*

WHOLE WIDE WORLD!



Mrs. Mildred Wollar of Cicero, Ill., says she can clean up a world of dirt in no time at all with Duz. Those soapy-rich Duz suds get grimy finger smudges off the globe fast!



SLICK CHICK!

Dingy white chickens—like all dingy white things—gleam white as new snow after a good Duz bath, according to Madeline Robinette of Linthicum, Md.



THE LATEST DIRT!

A youngster's dirtiest, muddiest clothes are shining clean after a good Duz-zing, says Mrs. M. H. Wilson of Rye, New York. Duz sure is tough on dirt!



Did Emily Randolph Try to Convey a Secret Message to the Man She Loved Before She Killed Herself?

By Ray Helgesen

"11—12—13." What do those cryptic numbers mean? Do they hold the key to the mystery of lovely Emily Laffoon Randolph's death by her own hand?

That is the question that has puzzled Cincinnati society ever since that chill morning last May when the beautiful young matron's lifeless body was found by her gardener, crumpled on the front seat of her car in the garage beneath her spacious home. She had been dead for hours, a victim of carbon monoxide poisoning.

On the steps of a near-by ladder she had left two notes. Both were written in her flourishing, finishing school hand on elaborate stationery bearing a proud coat-of-arms whose motto reads "Quod Audis Tace," or "Whatever you hear, be silent."

One note, addressed to her husband, said only: "Dear John, honestly it doesn't mean I didn't love you—I just loved Cookie more." It was signed "Em," and on the back of the envelope, underscored three times, was the request: "Please send the J. L. the metal file and \$50." The J. L. apparently was the Junior League, of which Mrs. Randolph was a local director, and to whose many charitable projects she devoted much

The '11-12-13' Mystery

of her time and effort.

The other note, addressed to Werk Cook, a recently divorced man-about-town, said: "Darling, don't forget I said I would love you forever and I did. All my love, always. Em."

At the bottom of the page were the numerals 11—12—13. What significance did they have in the drama that had such a tragic ending for Emily Randolph, her husband John, president of a cutlery company, and her small son and daughter?

Werk Cook, the man to whom the note was addressed, is perhaps the only person who can answer that question. Since he hasn't, either because of chivalry or love, or because he doesn't know, all Cincinnati wonders.

Did Emily Randolph die because she would not desert her family, yet could no longer go on without the man to whom she was so overwhelmingly attracted?

Or did she take her own life because she learned that man no longer cared for her?

Her friends, shocked by the tragedy, admit they had long been afraid that "something was going to happen."

For the cliff-dwellers, those occupants of the opulent estates that stud the heights above the city, had for some time been masterminding the outcome of the triangular friend-

ship of Emily Randolph, her husband John and the handsome Werk Cook, ex-Navy officer whose forebears had founded a big industry.

Some of the more conservative members of the country club set to which all three belonged for months had shaken their heads over the close association of the recently divorced Cook and the beautiful young married woman.

But those who had known Emily Laffoon Randolph from childhood scoffed at such fears. They cited her family background, the fact she was the daughter of the late Polk Laffoon, Kentucky utilities magnate, niece of the late Ruby Laffoon, former Governor of the state. They

cited her conventional unbringing, the fact she had gone to the "right" schools, was an active member of the Junior League in her home town and served on various committees for civic improvement.

They remembered her marriage to John Randolph in 1938 had been a real love match. They pointed to her two beautiful children, a daughter of eight and son of five.

But what they didn't know was that Emily Randolph had become enmeshed in a love from which she saw only one escape. They didn't know her love for another man had reached a point where she left on dearing notes from him on her desk, without any effort to conceal them from her husband.

They didn't know of the frequent quarrels she had with her husband while her unsuspecting children slept peacefully upstairs.

Estimating her surface character they might have thought her high

ideals, her level-headedness and clear-sightedness would carry her past the emotional shoals which threatened her. But they didn't know that even such a woman often is all too vulnerable to dreams, that she could crack under the surge of overwhelming emotions.

No one will ever know the final small word or deed that precipitated her time for decision.

But on the last evening of her life Emily Randolph dressed carefully, painted a gallant smile on her lips and went to a party at the country club with her husband. Leaving early, they stopped at a biergarten and returned home by 11 o'clock.

There was a final quarrel. John Randolph has never divulged its reason. While he was preparing for bed she left him with the announcement that she was going to start packing for their forthcoming trip to Florida.

Emily Randolph did not pack that night. She needed no luggage for the lonely trip she was contemplating.

Instead she wrote the two notes which were her final legacy.

On the second note, to Werk Cook, were the cryptic numerals "11—12—13."

Cincinnati still wonders what that message meant.

Cincinnati Still Wonders Why Beautiful, Socially Prominent Emily Randolph, Who Had Everything to Live For, Decided to Commit Suicide by Monoxide Poisoning.

Relieving ULCERS with RESIN



The Sight of a Young Girl in a Bubble Bath Gave Dr. Martin an Idea. If Chemicals Can Soften Water and Remove Impurities From It, He Reasoned, They Can Also Remove Acid From the Stomach.

By G. B. Lal

BY SWALLOWING Resinat, a new synthetic resin substance, patients of peptic ulcers are relieved of intolerable pain in five to 15 minutes.

The new treatment was originated by Dr. Gustav J. Martin, director of Research Laboratories, National Drug Company, Philadelphia, who prepared Resinat, in collaboration with John Wilkinson.

In a way it was started when Dr. Martin happened to see a pretty little child taking a soap bubble bath.

The scientist's mind became active with this idea, "Just as chemicals can remove impurities from, and soften, water, without which soap bubbles would not form, so also they could remove the unwanted acid in the stomach, which has much to do with causing and intensifying peptic ulcers."

Search of chemical and medical writings showed that the idea was not new. In 1935, two chemists, E. A. Adams and E. L. Holmes, had proved that certain synthetic resins—of the kind used by industrial chemists for purifying water and other purposes—were excellent "exchange absorbents" of hydrochloric acid (present in the stomach acid). This meant that the resins picked up acids, and also got rid of them.

Dr. Henry L. Segal, of the University of Rochester, N. Y., and his associates, in 1945, fed rats a resin, Amberlite IR-4, prepared by the Resinous Products and Chemical Company.

The resin did no harm to the animals, even in very large amounts. It removed stomach acid by "absorbing it"—getting it firmly attached to resin particles.

The substance, however, was not suited for human consumption. Dr. Martin devised a new preparation of

this resin, making the particles more finely dispersed, which he calls Resinat.

This chemical can be swallowed by patients, either in loose powder or in capsules, each containing 250 milligrams.

So far some 200 men and women have been treated. Most of them were relieved of pain as soon as Resinat reached the stomach. In a majority of cases, a single capsule showed immediate effect.

In a report made to the Centennial Convention of the American Medical Association held in June at Atlantic City, Drs. Manfred Kraemer and Leo H. Siegal, of the Presbyterian Hospital, Newark, N. J., told of 60 odd patients who had been fed Resinat. They said that synthetic resin treatment for peptic ulcers had proved its value.

Drs. Mary M. Spears and Mildred C. J. Pfeiffer, of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, also have treated a series of cases, relieving pain in nearly all patients.

One 45-year-old man had suffered from severe and repeated attacks of peptic ulcer, and had been given all sorts of well-known drugs—such as magnesium trisilicate and other antacids—without benefit.

When he ate a capsule of Resinat, in 15 minutes he was free of pain for the first time in years. He has been using the capsules daily, and has had no recurrence of peptic ulcer pain and other discomforts.

A woman had suffered with duodenal ulcer, definitely diagnosed by X-rays in 1939, and had been living on special bland diets, taking antacid drugs of all sorts. Her condition had been growing worse until, in June, 1946, she came to Dr. Kraemer. At this time she had terrible pain, and had lost 26 pounds in six months.

Illustrated By NORMAN MINGO

The physician started her on Resinat powder, one teaspoonful every third or fourth hour. In a month she was free of all pain.

She seems to have no more trouble, and gained ten pounds in a couple of months.

However, neither Dr. Martin nor any of the physicians, who have used Resinat in treatment, makes the claim that Resinat is a "cure" for peptic ulcers.

They are all very much impressed by the fact that even in small doses the resin usually stops pain immediately.

In one group of 23 patients suffering from other diseases of the gastric system—including cancer of the stomach and gallbladder disease—feeding the capsules relieved 11 of the patients, but the pain returned.

Abolishing pain is a great help in peptic ulcer. But it does not necessarily mean that the disease is cured.

Some physicians believe that Resinat, by alleviating pain, actually aids in the healing of ulcers. In fact, in some cases this has definitely happened.

But many other doctors think that relief of pain may be a specific effect, and not necessarily related to

the actual healing of ulcers.

There seems to be general agreement that Resinat is a useful, harmless aid in any kind of ulcer therapy, even when surgical operation is deemed imperative.

In some cases the treatment alone might prevent the recurrence of ulcers; in others it may supplement hormone and mental therapies, surgery or change of climate.

Resinat picks up the free stomach acid and transports it to the intestines, where it gives up its acid load. In the intestines alkaline chemicals neutralize acids. Resinat is not absorbed. It is inert, harmless.

It takes nothing out of the body, when it is eliminated. It causes no constipation or other unpleasant gastric disturbances, as far as can now be learned.

Dr. Martin foresees the development of other exchange resins to detoxify, or remove poisons from the intestinal tract, thus helping man to live more healthily.

It will take a great deal of time and effort to determine whether the exchange resins will purify the body of harmful chemicals, without themselves doing any damage even if used continuously for years.

Your hands stay
SMOOTHER,
SOFTER
with
Chiffon
—so pure
—so mild!



Here's a promise to you—backed by the experience of hundreds of thousands of women who use Chiffon Soap Flakes every day to make dishes shine and glassware sparkle!

Always use Chiffon to wash dishes and your hands will keep softer, smoother, younger-looking!

For Chiffon is mild as only the purest soap can be. Yes, Chiffon is all pure soap. No purer soap was ever made! Chiffon gives you quick suds that last and last!

CHIFFON is your *thriftiest* soap buy, too—a little less goes lots farther because Chiffon is all pure soap!

Safe for all your loveliest things!

Your Very Best Lingerie, your sheerest stockings are safe, completely safe—in Chiffon's pure soap suds. Even gayest colors stay fast and lovely—lots brighter! And regular Chiffon care keeps *all* your pretty things looking their very best—*far longer, too.*



**NO
Purer SOAP
WAS
EVER MADE**

A Product of Armour and Company

Resolved: To Quit Browbeating My Husband

DURING four years of married life the Gardiners had been having trouble, so much of it that Miss Gardiner signed this rather revealing pledge.

Realizing that the following points are essential to the success of any marriage, I hereby resolve and promise:

1—Not to kick, scratch, bite, punch or otherwise molest my husband, unless he shall first do the same to me.

2—Not to object to his working at the office during other than working hours, evenings, Saturdays or Sundays, his word to be the sole determination as to the necessity of such work.

3—Not to be suspicious or distrustful of his conduct with females of any kind, including secretaries, and not to raise questions in the nature of accusations relating to his conduct in this respect, it being fully understood by me that all such distrust that I have had in the past is entirely without foundation.

The explanation of this apparently lies in some of the things that Jim Gardiner says happened to him during the four years that followed his June marriage in 1937 to Nancy Humstone, prospective heiress to a large chunk of a \$2,000,000 estate.

Jim is a \$12,000-a-year bureau manager for a life insurance company in New York City. He tops six feet by one inch and weighs a slender but sinewy 150 pounds. Nancy is a half a foot shorter and 40 pounds lighter but, says Jim, you can't measure a woman's temper by her size.

When Nancy filed suit for separation recently in New York Supreme Court, Jim admitted that he had stopped living with her and their 5-year-old daughter, Cynthia, but, he added, "her statement that I did so 'without cause or provocation' is utterly false and untrue."

They had been ensconced in a honeymoon apartment in Brooklyn for about eight months, he told the court, when "my wife flew into a state of temper and rage and struck me violently on the top of my head with a glass candlestick."

He departed henceforth, returning three days later "only on her express promise to conduct herself thereafter with propriety."

Lots of wives complain when their husbands come home late but Nancy, Jim says, was different. She didn't like it because he went to his office too early. He says she thought he had wolfish ideas about some of the feminine members of his office staff and that he made it a point to arrive ahead of time so he could chat with them for a few minutes before it was necessary to get down to business and sell some insurance.

"While possessed with such unfounded suspicion," Jim declared, "my wife one morning in November, 1938, objected to my leaving the apartment for my office about ten minutes earlier than the usual time. She stood in front of the door when I tried to leave, grabbed me and tore my coat and tie, pushed and kicked me, and, when I remonstrated with her and held her arms to avoid being struck, and while seeking to free myself from her grasp, she pulled me to the floor and rolled me all over the living room."

Jim thought that was a decidedly undignified method for a wife to register a protest, but he says he hadn't seen anything yet.

"Shortly after that, she again objected to my leaving early for my office. She grabbed, kicked and pummeled me. I tore myself loose from her grasp and ran to the hallway. Then, without waiting for the elevator, I ran down nine flights of stairs to the ground floor. My wife ran down the stairs after me and, even in the lobby, tried to get hold of me and further assault me and keep me from arriving at my office earlier than the customary time."

At that point, Jim says, he got fed up. He stayed away from home for almost a year but returned in October, 1939, "upon her solemn promise to mend her ways and conduct herself as a wife should."

Nevertheless Jim said he continued to take mistreatment for another year, until the night when, after they had retired, Nancy came over to his bed, punched him in the stomach, and, when he took his bedclothes into the living room, "followed me and continued to punch, pummel and scratch me."

"I couldn't be a punching bag any longer," he said, "so I left her."

They were apart for nine months, and then



Heiress Nancy Gardiner Made a Career of Creating Scenes and Chasing Him Downstairs While Neighbors Watched, According to Her \$12,000-a-Year Insurance Executive-Husband.

Nancy signed the document in which she promised not to get rough, carping or suspicious.

It was, Jim says, just a scrap of paper, as witness the trip to Montreal, when, in a hotel bedroom, she "jumped on me and punched me, kicked me, bit my wrists and rolled me on the floor while I made an effort to escape."

Or the morning in April, 1945, when he left earlier than usual to stand in line for cigarettes "and she falsely accused me of doing so for the purpose of meeting a girl in the line."

Or the following October, when he bought a meal in a restaurant at her request, took it to the apartment for her to eat and, he says, was greeted by a flying hairbrush.

But the real break came on December 14,

Illustrated by CHRISTOPHER STORM

1945, when Jim says Nancy not only kicked him and beat him, but disfigured his face so thoroughly that he walked down 16 flights of stairs to avoid the gaze of the elevator boy, sneaked to the apartment of his cousin and stayed there all day. Since then, he admitted, he hadn't lived with her.

Nancy, replying to his charges, says she might have struck back at him once or twice in self-defense, but, except for that, she absolutely denied "ever laying my hands on my husband."

Since Nancy is to come into at least \$500,000 on the death of her mother, who is 67, Jim said he didn't see much reason why he should contribute a great deal to her support, but Justice E. L. Hamner awarded her \$300 counsel fees and \$75 weekly alimony until the courts decide whether Jim was justified in his walk-out.



**Only one soap
gives your
skin this exciting
Bouquet**

Do you long to have the
fragrant appeal of so many popular girls?

Would you like to hear a declaration of love? Then surround yourself with the fragrance that touches a man's heart. It's the enchanting perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—the *fragrance men love*. This bewitching bouquet comes from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far more costly than you'd expect to find in any soap. For seventy-eight romantic years popular girls have preferred this dainty soap. Be always alluring! Be forever feminine!

Bathe every day with Cashmere Bouquet Soap, the soap with the *fragrance men love*. Wonderful for your complexion, too.

*Adorns your skin with
the fragrance men love—*

**Cashmere
Bouquet**



Bill Smith Would Rather Lose by a Nose on a 20 to 1 Shot Than Win Easily on an Odds-On Favorite, and He Finally Put a Good One Over When He Wanted To Most



The Clocker Told His Friend to Bet the Five on Gay Date — to Win. "Mem," He Said, "It's Going to Ride Home in Style"

By Dan Parker

NO one ever called Bill Smith a king. He was too plain for anything like that. In fact, Bill was just as plain as his name.

Yet for a few hours every afternoon Bill was a king. At least, they call racing the sport of kings and racing was Bill Smith's sport. It was more than his sport, in fact; it was his very life.

That he meant something to racing, too, was proved one day not many weeks ago at Miami Beach when the great and small of the Turf turned out to pay their last respects to plain Bill Smith, affectionately known as The Clocker.

When pari-mutuel betting was legalized in New England 15 years ago, Jack Conway, famous Boston sports editor, assigned a bright lad on his staff to help Dave Wilson, his star handicapper.

The name Bill Smith was too preposterous to call anyone even though it happened to be this lad's actual monicker, so Dave and his press box associates dubbed him "The Clocker."

Bill had never clocked anything but his own awakening every morning and he did that with a device manufactured in Waterbury, Conn.

The Clocker would scout around the paddock, the barns, the racing secretary's office and other sources of turf news and would come up every day with a budget of breezy gossip that the fans devoured like a selling plater digging into an extra helping of alfalfa.

He also made up a set of selections every day. Of course he couldn't compete with the old Massa, Dave, his boss, but he was so good that he would have done well to play his own selections.

Yes, The Clocker was a breed improver in his spare time. Playing the races was the second most important thing in his life.

The first was his mother. She was the only person Bill Smith had in the world and no mother ever had a more devoted son. His first act every pay day was to set aside enough for his mother's expenses. What was left, he devoted to his life-long study of form.

Bill had the weakness so common among horse players of preferring to lose by a nose with a 20 to 1 shot than win by a furlong on a 3 to 5 favorite.

Time and again he would come up with four or five winners in his newspaper selections but

in his own private transactions with the Iron Men, he would go down with a half dozen long shots, dreamed up at the last minute in the paddock or after overhearing a snatch of conversation between a trainer and a jockey.

Even when he had the honor of picking Bold Venture in the Derby with Dave Wilson, he had blown a wad on a dream horse that turned out to be a nightmare.

The only thing that would keep Bill away from the race track was filial duty. He sent his mother to the White Mountains every summer and passed up the races the day she left and again when she returned so he could be at the station to take care of her.

SUNDAYS seemed like a month long to him because there were no races. True, he was up bright and early, acting as an usher at St. Peter's Church when he was in Boston but the rest of the day dragged along like an aged turtle.

Maybe late in the afternoon he would get restless and take a cab out to the suburbs where his friend, Gustie, another horse player, owned a restaurant. There, over-plates of roast pork and

The



CLOCKER'S Last SELECTION

apple sauce, Bill and Gustie would sit and discuss horses until well into the night.

No matter how the conversation started, it was sure to wind up with both in complete agreement on one point—that Dinner Party was the best race horse in the world.

WHEN getaway week opened at Rockingham Park last November, The Clocker came up with three of the best things since Boston brown bread, pork and beans. The fact that he was without cash troubled Bill hardly at all because his philosophy of life consigned money to an insignificant role.

Friends and horses were the important things to Bill Smith.

Bill always knew where to locate the former to get the wherewithal to play the latter. And his credit was sounder than that of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

So, having borrowed the two hundred lettuce leaves, The Clocker reported at Lou Smith's horse park early on a cold, gray Monday morning in November to see how the land lay. The trainer of his first hot thing was checkful of information

when the Clocker put the vacuum on him. "Well," he said, "You know how this horse is. Sometimes he can do it and sometimes he can't. He might win today and then he might not. Some days he likes the route. Other days he doesn't. I don't want to steer you wrong but at the same time, Bill, I don't want to tout you off a good thing. It's six of one and half a dozen of the other. You know what I mean."

"I don't," said Bill, "but I'm playing your horse just the same."

It was a shrewd guess. The "sometimes he does and sometimes he doesn't" special romped home at 8 to 1.

The second good thing didn't run until Wednesday. Jaylee was his name—a fair sort of boss. But his trainer wasn't encouraging.

"There's a lot of speed in the race and we've drawn the No. 1 post position," he said. "I'm afraid Jaylee won't get off fast enough and that he won't get better than second or third money. I'm betting him across the board myself."

Whereas doubletalk was transparent to The Clocker, frankness confused him, so he looked up a speed horse and put his wad on him. If The Clocker weren't a philosopher, he would have torn down two barns in anger when Jaylee flew home, paying \$32 to \$2. Instead he said:

"Well, that bears out what David Harum said about horse racing! And it's a good thing there's another one coming up or maybe I'd have to hole up here in the New Hampshire hills for the winter with the woodchucks."

The other one coming up was Dinner Party the horse The Clocker and his friend Gustie had agreed was the greatest hunk of equine meat that ever munched an oat. Dinner Party and Float Me were booked for a match race on the closing day of the meeting.

Bill watched the lights blinking on and off on the tote board, telling the story of the trend the betting was taking. As Dinner Party's price dropped to 3 to 5 while Float Me's soared to 6-5,

Bill was torn between loyalty and policy. Loyalty commanded him to put his money on Dinner Party and wait for the feast. His betting policy touted him off the favorite.

"Bill Smith, you know you've never played a 3 to 5 shot in your life," said a small voice inside The Clocker. "Get on Float Me before you sink!"

Float Me it was. The Clocker was determined to play his long shot even if it was only 6 to 5. Float Me took a big lead early in the race and was five lengths to the good on the far turn when he started to drift out as if pulled powerfully by centrifugal force. Jockey Joe Martin almost broke his wrists pulling on the reins in an effort to keep Float Me over near the rail.

He might as well have tried to steer the earth out of its orbit. Cutting straight across the track at the head of the stretch, Float Me took the fence like a long shot being shoed home in an aquatic steeplechase and fetched up in a ditch on the other side with his jockey still clinging to him.

Dinner Party, stopping not even to take a quick look, galloped on to a hollow victory. But there was nothing hollow about The Clocker's

voice when he consoled himself with the philosophical reflection:

"I always said Dinner Party was the greatest horse on four legs and Gustie will bear me out but there should be a law against odds-on choices. Ah, well. The gloom lasts only five minutes and then the sun comes out again."

No one ever heard The Clocker berate any one for giving him a bad tip. Even on days when everything went wrong, there wasn't a peep out of him as his losses mounted.

THE Daily Double was his antipasto. He always opened the day's transactions at the track by buying four or five different combinations. He was even better at picking losers in this fast than in straight wagering.

Once he had a four-week losing streak, he would write the numbers of his combination on his racing program and then after the second race would perform the ritual of tearing the tickets into tiny pieces.

He had just finished this ceremony, out of force of habit, one day, when he remembered that he hadn't checked up to find out if he had won. It was a windy day and a gust had scattered the tiny bits of paper over a wide area by the time The Clocker found out he had thus disposed of a ticket worth \$160 at the payoff window.

That evening's low descending sun found Bill as exuberant as ever. He had hit on a four shot that made him forget all about Daily Double.

When the northern racing season was over it was like the end of the world for Bill. He was restless then until he could get south and be near the horses again. In January, he left for Miami, with his mother to spend his vacation playing long shots.

"I don't know which is worse—spending a winter up North with no racing to watch or playing those chalk horses and getting odds-on digestion down here," he said.

His mother asked him about their reservations for the trip home as Bill's holiday was drawing to a close.

"Mom, just don't worry about that," he said, looking like a little boy for all his 33 years and premature baldness. "The best is none too good for you, ma. I'm going to collect on one of those long shots and we'll fly home in style. The trains are too slow for speed merchants like the Smiths."

"Bill, if those long shots are going to pay off, maybe we'd better start walking," said Mrs. Smith with mock seriousness.

"Just forget it and imagine you're in a plane now," laughed Bill. "I'm working on a new system, using Dave Egan's Latin speed chart. It's the greatest thing since Paul Revere for making a horse go."

Only a few days later, Bill was rushed to the hospital with a stomach ailment. As his mother sat by his bedside, holding a glass of orange juice for him to sip, Bill chided her gently for spending her time indoors when she should be out getting some of the precious sun.

"A fine way for a girl to spend her vacation!" he said. "Now, why don't you skip along and enjoy yourself? I'm all right."

Bill wasn't all right. His condition took a turn for the worse and an operation was performed. Then pneumonia set in. Bill was put under an oxygen tent. Penicillin, the magic mould, was shot into him but the type of pneumonia he had didn't respond to it. Bill was dead the next morning.

At the funeral service in a Miami Beach undertaking parlor before Bill's body was shipped north for burial in Boston, the great and the humble of racing gathered, maybe to shed a

furtive tear for plain Bill Smith. He had never won much distinction as a sports writer. Of the turf, he was a person of no importance.

But, along the short route that had been his life, The Clocker had harmed no one, had attended faithfully to his filial duties and had been unfailingly decent in his dealings with others, and somehow, these hard boiled turf-followers had recognized in his humble virtues the hallmark of true greatness.

BILL had a hunch that his number was up when they moved him into an oxygen tent. But that didn't stop him from having other hunches.

"Gay Date looks good in the first at Hialeah tomorrow afternoon," he told a friend who was visiting him. "Put this fiver on her nose and if she comes through for me, Mom is going to ride home in style in an airliner."

That long shot The Clocker was always looking for came through for him this time, Gay Date paying \$51.90.

At Dan Parker's request his payment for the story above has been sent to Bill Smith's mother.

JOAN BENNETT

Reveals an Affection
for **QUAKER**
Puffed Rice
SPARKIES

**"Rice Shot from Guns
makes a divine breakfast"**



starring in
"Secret Beyond the Door"
A DIANA PRODUCTION



**"SHOT FROM
GUNS"**



JOAN: Hello, there, Mr. Quaker. You know, I feel a compliment coming on and it's for your very delicious rice shot from guns. Thanks for making breakfast such a happy occasion.

QUAKER MAN: You're nice to mention it, Joan. And the word seems to be getting around because Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies is more popular today than ever. The reason is folks demand quality in a food first of all. And only the choice premium grains of sun-ripened rice are selected for Sparkies. These premium grains are shot from guns actually exploded to 8 times normal size. Out they come, big plump glorified morsels the whole family loves.



JOAN: It's such a gay and cheerful dish to put on the breakfast table, too.

QUAKER MAN: Yes, Joan, Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies with some milk and fruit really makes the family keen for breakfast. But here's something important to note—to get the original rice shot from guns always look for the big red and blue Sparkies package. It's never sold in bags or bulk. What's more, Sparkies has natural-grain amounts of Vitamin B₁, Niacin and Iron restored. So for the best insist on Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies

Enjoy Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies, too!

Best Sellers *1/2* Matrimony

Successful Women Authors' Personal Problems Often Surpass Those of Their Fictional Heroines

By Ursula Trow

CAN a woman achieve fame and fortune as a writer and remain happily married?

The chances are against it, say the pessimists, pointing to Kathleen Winsor, Ursula Parrott, Pearl Buck, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings and Katharine Brush.

She can if she really wants to, say the optimists, pointing to the example set recently by Agnes Newton Keith, author of the prize-winning book "These Came Home."

Literary success has made no inroads on her marital happiness. She's returning to Borneo, the scene of her imprisonment under the Japs, to be with her husband, Harry Keith, who is conservator of forests and director of agriculture there.

If she had suddenly said, "No, I can't go back there, I can't face the heat and the disease and the filth, the memory of friends who are no more, the reminders of hated humiliation, the slaps and kicks of the Japs," probably no one would have been greatly shocked. She certainly hasn't forgotten these things, because she described them all in her book.

She would not have been without precedent, either. Pearl Buck didn't go back to China once she'd made her mark as an author. Till then she'd done missionary work with her husband, John Lossing Buck, whom she'd married in 1917.

In 1932 the Bucks came to the States for a visit. Mrs. Buck won the Pulitzer Prize for "The Good Earth" that year.

It was also the first time she met Richard J. Walsh, a member of the firm that published her book.

While she was here, she was criticized for some of the views she had expressed in her writings. As a result she resigned her mission post and when it was time to go back to China, Mr. Buck traveled alone.

Some time later Mrs. Buck was residing in Reno with Mrs. Walsh. The two were said to be bosom friends. Both were suing their husbands on grounds of extreme cruelty. They got their divorces the same day. They had much in common, and were about to have more, because the ex-Mrs. Buck turned right around and became Mrs. Walsh.

After Kathleen Winsor became rich from the proceeds of "Forever Amber," she made one of the most brazen marital swaps in recent times. Until then she had been content to be Mrs. Robert John Herwig, wife of a marine corps captain and a former football star.

But when money and publicity began to pile up, Miss Winsor decided she wasn't in love with her husband.

What she needed, to complement her new gaudy station in life, was a new husband, preferably someone well known.

She married Artie Shaw, and it's true he's well known, though whether for his clarinet playing or the fact that he's had five beautiful wives before Kathleen is a toss-up.

There are times, of course, when a woman author's domestic difficulties cannot be blamed on her desire to

follow the path of glory. Such, apparently, is the story of the recent divorce in Santa Barbara, Calif., of Mary O'Hara from her husband Helge Sture-Vasa, a Wyoming ranchman and cavalry captain in World War I.

Mary O'Hara became well known for her best seller "My Friend Flicka" which came out in 1941. Before that, however, she wrote adaptations and continuities for numerous films, including "The Prisoner of Zenda."

These achievements, she claims, had nothing to do with the collapse of her home life.

In fact, long before "My Friend Flicka" was ever thought of, she said, Captain Sture-Vasa had roomed from the reservation.

Obviously, relations were strained, but it was not until after the money from that novel and two subsequent ones came rolling in that the novelist sued for her divorce.

Betty MacDonald, the author of "The Egg and I," is sometimes thought to have divorced her husband after becoming a successful writer. That wasn't the case, however. The book came out in 1945. Betty had left the chicken farming husband

she depicts in that book in 1941, and had married Donald Chaney MacDonald in 1942. Success hasn't done anything to that marriage.

Katharine Brush took the financial freedom that came with her writer's success (poems, short stories, 11 novels and a newspaper column) and embarked on a second marriage.

With her first husband as an author she went to Paris, hoping to succeed but the marriage ended in divorce. She then married a publisher, Thomas, but that, too, did not apply for long.

In Paris, she had a brief affair with an interned pilot, but when the time attached to his release came, she averred her husband was the man she firm to follow Miss Brush back to the States, trying to gain her own financial independence. After a year of painful pleas, there came a divorce after a year's waiting.

They were to live in separate apartments and have no contact. It was a three-year wait on the part of Miss Brush, but at the end of that time both parties agreed to a divorce. In which case there was to be no regular proposal and a honeymoon.

Nine years later, however, the separate living arrangement was discarded. Katharine Brush had the old-fashioned and was living with her husband like any conventional wife.

Kathleen Winsor.
Author of
"Forever Amber,"
Divorced the
Husband Who
Helped Her Do
the Book. She
Married Artie
Shaw, Five Times
Divorced.





Miles Away Up in the Air This Plane Was Drawn Into "Radio Track," Marked White, and Automatically Flowed Down Safely to the Runway, Where Its Course Is Electrically Guided.

By S. Young White

PASSENGER plane crashes can be prevented, as far as landing and taking off are concerned, by a new system, called Maximum Airport Utilization. Essentially, MAU means that radio can guide the course of a plane near and on the airport, so that accidents are eliminated.

Instead of the uncertainties of the human mind, the inexorable laws of radio waves and electrical currents determine the plane's position.

As I envisage it, in the new operation radio beams sent up from the airport region will take charge of the plane's movement and control it when it is still 30 or 40 miles away.

The beam system, capable of moving up and down in any angle, will bring the incoming plane along a certain "track" in space.

An electrical system on the runway will escort it to its destination without human chances of error. You can't see radio waves, but you can visualize them as searchlights—and the comparison

Safety in the Air



Radio Beams, Directed From Airport, Automatically Land Planes Safely in Any Weather.

is justified because both radio beams and light beams are electromagnetic waves, obeying the same basic laws. When a searchlight beam is projected upward at night, it gives the direction, but not the height.

WHEN another searchlight beam, from a different source, is made to pass through the first one, you can visually fix a point in space—where the two beams cross. Searchlights can be built to send up fan-shaped beams, a few feet thick, spreading sideways. If these fans are tilted, they will meet and pass through one another.

Such fans would be formed when radio beams are employed. By curving and tilting them, radio tracks, from up in the air to the ground, would be laid for the guidance of the descending plane.

A plane's track will start 30 or 40 miles from the landing field, as it moves into the radio-beam fans and its instrument picks up and returns the ground radio signal.

Assigned a particular section of these radio-space blocks, under automatic radio-piloting, the plane will follow its own path without running into another plane or obstacle. As its wheels touch the ground it cable system, below the runway, having a 2,000-cycle current, will lead it off into its unloading berth.

The system's radio beams will penetrate fog, smoke, rain or snow. Thus it would provide for "blind landing." Any large airport, thus operated, could handle a far larger number of planes each hour than is now possible.

The system has yet to be tried out in commercial use, but the Army, which uses radar in almost the same fashion as has been described, is completing its first year of operation of an all-weather airline between Wilmington, Ohio, and Andrews Field, Maryland.

All landings, even in perfect flying weather,

Illustrated by A. LEYDENFROST

is accomplished by radar ground-controlled approach units and a radar traffic unit takes over the plane's operation 40 miles from the destination, setting it down gradually under control.

THE attention of the entire nation, and of President Truman in particular, was focused on air safety when three airline crashes took place in quick succession.

Within 24 hours, two big planes were destroyed at LaGuardia Field, New York City, and Port Deposit, Md. Two weeks later another, with 40 aboard, hit a mountain near Leesburg, Va.

A special Air Safety Board appointed by President Truman recommended subsequently that planes be required to fly at 2,000 feet above dangerous terrain at night or in overcast, and also that air lines be required as soon as possible to install terrain proximity radar indicators, operating on electronic principles, in addition to the aneroid altimeters now required.

THREE TRAGIC Stepchildren



By Kathleen Doyle

If you ask Billy Anderson, 16, and Nathern James, 14, why they committed a double murder, they couldn't tell you. They couldn't tell the police and they couldn't tell the judge, who sentenced them to San Quentin for life.

Now ask Marilyn Hodges, 12, who could pass for 18, be able to tell you why she ran away with the two youthful slayers, bound for no place in particular. When detectives asked her why, her eyes clouded and she bit her lips and spread her hands in a gesture of helplessness. "I don't know," she said.

Billy and Nathern and Marilyn all lived in Live Oak, Calif., an inland valley town. Marilyn was born and raised there. Billy and Nathern came there from Oklahoma. Marilyn had a stepfather and Billy and Nathern stepmothers. The boys' homes were broken by divorce. Marilyn's widowed mother married again.

There is no record that any of the stepparents were unkind. To the contrary, there is evidence of affection and consideration. Nevertheless,

Though His Father and Stepmother Made His Homelife as Pleasant as Possible, Young Billy Anderson Dreamed of the Real Mother He Would, in All Probability, Never See Again.

Investigation has revealed that in the minds of the boys and the girl, there existed a desolate sense of incompleteness, of insecurity, a yearning for an intangible something beyond the horizon.

Billy Anderson was born in Silver City, Okla. His father and mother were not happily married. They nagged and bickered until they themselves could stand it no longer, not even for the sake of the dark-eyed little boy who gazed solemnly on their discordant scenes.

After the divorce the father, Richard Anderson, married again. His new bride was "Donnie," a slender, pretty girl only 10 years older than Billy. It was in the dead days of the dust storms and Donnie persuaded Anderson to head west.

That was the beginning of a smoldering hatred Billy nurtured against his new mother. In the crowd-

ed frame shack in Live Oak he brooded over the possibility he might never see his own mother again. His father, a kindly man, did everything he could to make Billy happy. His everything was too much.

Billy was given unrestricted use of the family car when his feet could barely reach the pedals. He roamed the countryside at will. No one held him to his chores if he wasn't in the mood to do them. Pocket money was his for the asking.

Donnie, a gentle, conscientious wife and stepmother, saw where he was heading. She convinced his father he needed supervision. So, at an age when most youngsters are beginning to claim adult rights, Billy's were taken away.

His hatred for Donnie grew as his father sided more and more with her. Rebellion seized him, and when it was brooked it flared anew and more fiercely. He suffered a feeling of being out of place. He spoke often of "heading east" to find his real mom.

He took his troubles to Marilyn. Far older than her 12 years, she understood. When Marilyn's father had died her mother had married again—

a man with a child of his own.

The Hodges home was crowded and noisy and Marilyn felt it was an alien place, just like Billy felt about his home. To her Billy was a romantic, glamorous figure who some day would take her with him to the ends of the earth, where they'd feel they belonged. Secretly, they often talked of running away.

Then Nathern James entered the picture. Nathern was born in Hitchita, Okla. His mother and father separated when he was only two and his mother then married four times in quick succession. From one of these unions Nathern acquired two half-brothers.

Until 1936 he lived with his mother. The next seven years were spent with his father and stepmother who had become the second Mrs. James at the age of 14. When his father enlisted in 1943 his own mother took him to San Antonio, Texas, where he remained until the war was over.

Then his father brought him out to Live Oak, where he had a job on a ranch. Nathern at 14 was a sturdy, handsome Boy Scout of exemplary behavior. His stepmother was good to him. But Nathern was a rootless child, unhappy, filled with a great feeling of insecurity. He thought more and more of hitchhiking back to "San Antonio."

When he met Billy Anderson he felt better. Billy understood. Billy knew what it was to be lonely. They whiled away long hours planning how Nathern would return to Texas and Billy would find his mother in Oklahoma. Often they talked of taking Marilyn with them.

On Sunday, September 8, Billy and Nathern parked near the local tavern. Billy was tense and angry. He said through set teeth:

"Donnie says I can't have the car, any more, because I'm too reckless. We've got to get away. We've got to get away quick, and we've got to be sure the folks don't follow us!"

"How you going to be sure?" Nathern asked.

Billy gripped Nathern by both arms and brought his face close to the younger boy's. "This way!" he said, and he unfolded the scheme he'd dreamed up to cancel parental authority out of his life. Nathern's eyes grew big.

That night when the Andersons returned from a drive they didn't notice the bedroom screen ripped away, nor hear the panting of the youngsters crouched outside, Billy gripping a shotgun, Nathern a rifle.

As Nathern recalled it, Anderson was stretched on the bed, his wife seated beside him, when Billy whispered hoarsely: "Go ahead! Shoot!"

"When I pulled the trigger Donnie fell over, calling: 'Duck, duck!' Mr. Anderson jumped up and Billy's blast caught him in the face. Then I helped Billy stuff the bodies in the car. He dumped his father in a ditch 50 miles away and Donnie on a rock pile 80 miles further on."

The next morning Billy forged \$600 worth of checks in his dead father's name and then both boys picked up Marilyn, giving her no inkling of what they'd done.

They took both Anderson ears and headed east. Two days later they were picked up on the Mojave desert.

Marilyn was exonerated of complicity in the crime. She's back in grammar school now. "She's a good girl," said her mother. "We're starting all over again."

When Billy and Nathern got sent up for life they had nothing to say. On the trip to San Quentin they didn't speak to each other. Mostly they stared out the window of the train, watching the scenery flash by. They were very young and frightened. And lonelier than ever.

Illustrated by
A. S. PACKER

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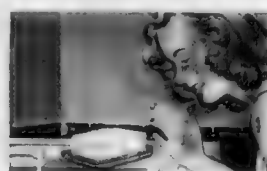
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—BECAUSE IT'S DIFFERENT,
BECAUSE IT'S BETTER!



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By Booton Herndon

SOME men call them the weaker sex. To others, of more poetic bent, they're the delicate flower of womanhood. To people who've been checking up on statistics lately, however, the little woman is neither weak nor delicate.

She's mighty healthy and she's in the chips.

As a matter of fact, women today can look forward to living almost as long as the "there's-one-year-and-ten" mentioned in the Bible.

In their delicate hands is a good portion of the nation's wealth. If they want to step in and take over, the government, they could probably get away with it for of the potential voters in the nation, there are a million more women than men.

Weaker sex, huh? Listen carefully, and you'll hear a few million feminine voices caroling, "Oh, yeah?"

In figures released by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the

life expectancy of a girl baby born in 1945 is 69.54 years, an amazing gain representing 18 and a half years since the beginning of the century. Not only that, but other statisticians have come forward with data proving that the amount of wealth in women's hands has been increasing, too.

Roughly 50 per cent of all privately-owned stock in corporations is owned by women, according to the Women and Industry program of the National Association of Manufacturers.

Eighty per cent of the beneficiaries of life insurance are women, and they own 68 per cent of all estates. They make 45 per cent of all income tax returns.

This country is nearing a matriarchy, Dr. E. V. Cowdry, a St. Louis University professor, maintains, calling this upsurge of the gentler sex "one of the great events of our time."

"We don't know exactly what is

taking place," he said recently, "but there are certain advantages which women have over men that may explain it."

Dr. Louis I. Dublin, second vice-president and statistician of the Metropolitan, sums up the reasons why women outlive men like this:

"Every year, right on down the line, from birth to the grave, the woman has it all over the man as far as mortality is concerned."

Since 1900, life expectancy of men has increased from 48.23 years to 61.41, and of women from 51.08 to 69.51. Even when seven out of every 1,000 women died in childbirth—now the figure is only about two out of a thousand—women had a better chance to live than men.

There are many reasons why the

total figure has increased, Dr. Dublin says. A broadened public health service has added years to the life span.

Inoculation against such diseases as typhoid, diphtheria, and smallpox has been so successful that now many doctors have not even seen a case of one of these diseases, which used to account for thousands of deaths a year.

"We live better, and eat better," Dr. Dublin says. "I can remember

when we had what we called 'lung blocks,' whole areas in the slums in which tuberculosis was prevalent. Families would move right in with

death. We've spread out since then, and despite the current housing problem, many more children get sun and air.

"Don't forget the work of the food companies. They spend millions of dollars a year determining the most healthful foods and how to make their products more

healthful. There are a thousand and one reasons why the human race is better off today."

It's an accepted fact in genetics that more boy babies die even before birth than girls. From there on the female is still harder than the male. One reason for this, Dr. Dublin points out, is that the girl is the conservative of the species.

"From childhood, when the girl plays less roughneck games, right on through life, the girl takes better care of herself, and exposes herself to less dangers."

Since prehistoric times, the man of the household has gone out to garner the provisions while the woman stayed home to prepare the food, clean house, and mind the children. Whether the provider was up against a saber-toothed tiger, or worked in a factory or office, he has always, as a rule, had to cope with

THE Weaker Sex

OH, YEAH?

Vital Statistics
Quiet the Fears of
the Mother of a Girl
Baby Who Today
Has a Life
Expectancy of 69.54
Years, a Gain of 18
Years Since the Turn
of the Century.

more dangers than his house-keeping helpmeet.

Results: There are 45,403,210 potential women voters, or roughly a million more than men. Widows outnumber widowers ten to one, and because so many women outlive their husbands, many more women are recipients of life insurance beneficiaries than men.

One large corporation, Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), states that 44.07 per cent of its stock is owned by women, as opposed to 41.66 by men. The remainder is owned by non-individuals, such as estates and trust funds, and it is conceivable that women have a large stake in that block.

Estimates are that women control almost 90 per cent of the spending. That's because of course, the man of the family doesn't go to the market every day. He leaves that to his wife.

Incidentally, the Metropolitan estimates that the Dionne quintuplets, now 13 years old, have 20 chances in 100 of celebrating their 65th birthday together, and about 95 in 100 of reaching their majority.

What those chances would be if they were boys instead of little girls hasn't been announced.

YOUTH at the WHEEL

Teen-Age Tempest

By Sgt. George Adams
Washington State Patrol.

IN MY 10 years' experience as a traffic and safety education officer with the Washington State Patrol, I have investigated scores of teenage accidents—and in all too many of them I have had the unpleasant duty of helping to transport the broken bodies of the youngsters to hospitals or morgues.

These teen-age traffic crashes—and teen-agers are responsible for nine times as many wrecks as any other age group—are a most tragic, horrible and needless slaughter. Tragic, because of the thousands of young lives snuffed out or ruined by crippling injuries each year. Needless, because we know the cure for the situation.

We know that these youngsters, who are now nine times more dangerous than any other drivers on the road, can be made the best and safest drivers on the road.

Most young drivers are taught to operate the family car under the guidance of a parent. The blunt fact is that most parents are not much better fitted to teach Junior to drive a car than they would be to teach him to fly a plane.

Here is a typical and terrible example: Five months ago I pursued a late model sedan traveling at high speed on a crowded four-lane highway. Although it was raining heavily and the road was thick with traffic, the car maintained a steady 70 to 75-mile-an-hour speed. When I sirened the racing vehicle to a stop, I found the respectable, well-dressed father seated calmly beside his 13-year-old son, who had been driving. The mother was seated comfortably in the back seat. They

admitted they had no reason to be in a hurry—"just going to Seattle" and "Johnny is a good driver and has never had an accident."

Over and over again, we police officers are called upon to risk our necks to halt 80-mile-an-hour racers,

America can afford to be without for as one enlightened educator said, "What good is an education to a corpse?"

Driver education, where it has been given a fair trial, has never failed to reduce accidents among teen-age graduates at least 50 per cent.

What will it cost the taxpayers?

Although the National Safety Council estimates one human life lost in traffic costs the community \$40,000, the driver training program costs practically nothing.

In Washington, state patrol officers set up a 90-hour, one-semester course in schools where it is desired. They obtain a car from a local dealer and turn it over to the school for exclusive use in driver training. The school board provides gasoline, insurance and a \$1.00 license for

the car. At the end of the school year, the dealer picks up the car and provides a new one for the school.

We started this school year, with driver training in 48 high schools. We finished the year with over 100 offering the course, and next year 250 schools (80% of the state's total) are signed up. A record of every graduate is kept on file, and not a single graduate has ever been involved in an accident, been arrested, or been given a warning ticket for a traffic violation since the program was begun in this state.

All over the country, teenage automobile accidents are resulting in traffic crises and deaths. If you know of any cases of this kind, send them in. This column will print your letters as a warning that this problem must be met and solved. Send your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, American Weekly, 61 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.



"Most Parents," Says the Washington State Highway Policeman, "Are Not Competent to Teach Their Teen-Age Offspring to Drive a Car."

games of follow-the-leader through city streets at mile-a-minute speeds, and open highway chases in which teen-age drivers deliberately pit their speed against that of our best patrol cars.

Often the youngsters who instigate the chase as an exciting diversion become frightened as the red light and siren come closer, overdrive themselves, take unthinkable chances and pile up.

And how long will this awful and utterly needless slaughter continue?

Until aroused parents, citizens in general—and yes, the teen-agers themselves, insist on driver training in the schools. Driver training is considered by many parents and educators to be just another needless frill added to an already overcrowded curriculum. Actually, it is a lifesaving precaution which no community in



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A Good Scout—and a Hero

"A SCOUT is brave..." Hundreds of thousands of American Boy Scouts, present and past, have repeated that phrase from the Scout Law.

Thousands of them have proved it is true, but few ever had such a sudden and spectacular test as Charles Edward Banks, a 15-year-old Scout of El Cajon, Calif., met recently.

Charles saved his father's life by attacking and killing a wildcat with his Scout knife.

The father, Edward A. Banks, was leading Charles and several other boys on an outing when, unsuspectingly, they entered a dry wash in which the wildcat had its lair.

As the father approached a clump of low bushes, an angry snarl sounded and a lithe body with murderous claws and teeth flung itself upon him.



The clawing, spitting animal clung to Banks' body and tore at his arms and shoulders, trying to reach his throat. Banks was too

astounded to cry out.

Then Banks got a grip on the wildcat, broke its grasp on his clothing and managed to thrust it out at arm's length.

The beast bit and clawed and in another instant would have wriggled free to renew the attack.

That was time enough for Charles to act. Whipping out his Scout knife, he sprang into the fight.

Disregarding the savage rakes of the wildcat's paws, Charles pressed close and cut the beast's throat. He received several nasty gashes and his father suffered numerous wounds, but the cat's career as a menace to hikers was at an end.

Scout officials and others praised Charles so warmly that they rather embarrassed him. "It was for my Dad," the boy said. "I'd do anything for him."

Bird Told the Chief He Had Been Driving His Car Along the Cambridge Pike Toward Near-By Concord When His Headlights Picked Out the Girl's Rain-Soaked Figure Lying on the Muddy Roadside.

Case Of The

Unhappy Teacher



Illustrated by
MATT CLARK

By Peter Levins

"HERE we are, chief. See, there's a car." The police car slowed down and stopped a few yards from the rain-drenched figure lying on the muddy roadside. As Chief J. Ryan and Officers Marshall J. Withers and Emil Throp climbed out, a man approached in the glare of the headlights.

"Are you Willis Bird?" Ryan asked.

"That's right. I'm from Concord. A salesman there."

Chief Ryan walked over to the body. It was that of an attractive young woman, clothed in a Hudson seal coat. She lay on her right side, one tan gloved hand, the right, protruded from beneath the other was tightly clenched. Officer Withers leaned down and touched her cheek. "She can't have been dead long," he said. "Her face is still warm."

Ryan turned to Willis Bird. "When'd you find her?"

"About 30 minutes ago, at the most. Roughly, about 7:40."

He had been driving along the lonely Cambridge (Mass.) pike, he said, en route to Concord, a mile beyond, when he veered slightly to avoid two children walking along the road. At that moment his headlights picked out the body.

Officer Throp framed his flashlight on the girl's wristwatch. "Her watch stopped at 7:10," he said.

Bird spoke up. "It could have been a hit-and-run accident, couldn't it, chief?"

Ryan moved his flashlight here and there, then shook his head. "I shied been hit by a car, her coat would be covered with mud, and there'd be signs of some kind on the road—skid marks, bloodstains."

"Besides, where is her hat? It isn't likely she'd be walking along in that on a wet March night without a hat."

Then the medical examiner, Dr. Henry J. Wolcott, pulled up.

"This was no accident," he reported after a brief examination. "In addition to the head wound, there is a rather deep forehead and dark discolorations on her arms, legs and throat. Looks as though she was beaten and fought desperately for her life."

He summoned attendants to remove the body. As they did so, a small white handkerchief lay on the pavement. Chief Ryan picked it up and put it in his pocket.

After making a more thorough examination in Concord, Dr. Wolcott said that the young woman had been killed with a blunt instrument. He expressed the opinion that she had been seen elsewhere, possibly in a car, then pushed on the road in simulation of a hit-and-run case.

The victim's effects yielded very little. The pockets of the fur coat produced only a key ring, a coin purse and some snapshots of a woman standing beside a little girl. The purse contained two dollars in change, and nothing else.

No article of clothing bore a single laundry mark.

Then Chief Ryan remembered the handkerchief he had picked up and tucked into his pocket.

"Here we are," he exclaimed, indicating a name written in indelible ink along a narrow hem. "The name appears to have been 'M. Stewart.'"

"Stewart," echoed another officer. "Say, the Beverly cops are looking for a girl by that name!"

Girl named Marguerite Stewart?

"When'd you hear this?"

"Hear it over the radio while I was home to supper. She's been missing since last night."

RYAN called the Beverly police and was referred to Miss Nellie McDermott, head of the Beverly School for the Deaf, where Marguerite Stewart had been employed as supervisor of small boys. Miss McDermott's description clinched the identification.

"Where did she fall from?" Ryan asked.

"Worcester. A brother, Wallace, lives there now, I believe."

She said she knew of no reason in the world why Miss Stewart should have been murdered. "In fact," she added, "I can't bring myself to believe that she really was murdered. She certainly seemed to us to be a young woman of fine character and exemplary habits."

Then Medical Examiner Wolcott called and reported that Miss Stewart had been an expectant mother.

EARLY the next morning Saturday, March 31, 1928, Wallace Stewart positively identified the body as that of his sister.

She was the youngest of four children. The oldest, a girl, died several years ago. The child standing next to her in the pictures is his sister, Jeanette, now about 6 years old.

"Who was your sister's boy friend?" Ryan asked.

"I don't know. She never told me about any

body who might have been her sweetheart."

Information gathered from several motorists convinced Ryan that the body could not have lain at the Mill Brook culvert, where it was found, more than an hour before it was discovered.

Several said they had seen a car parked near what seemed to be a pile of rubbish. This led to the idea that the body had been thrown from the car covered, or else covered it hastily at the approach of cars speeding along the pike.

Meanwhile, District Attorney Robert T. Bushnell had called upon two state policemen assigned to his office, Det.-Lieut. Edward J. Sherlock and Edward P. O'Neill, to concentrate all their efforts on uncovering the unidentified sweetheart who might be the father of Miss Stewart's unborn child. Their first stop was the school in Beverly.

MISS McDermott said the young woman had applied for a teaching job the previous November, explaining that she wished to be near her sister, Jeanette, a pupil at the school.

She had proved herself "a very high-minded young woman and a most capable teacher." Then the school head added, "I thought she was quite contented and happy until—"

The detectives pricked up their ears. "Yes?" O'Neill prompted. "Something happened recently to make you think otherwise?"

"Yes. I understand she was quite upset about something last Thursday morning. One of the teachers has since told me that she was crying."

"And it was that evening that she—went away."

Checking on the photograph, O'Neill located John Smith in Northboro, where the Stewart family had been forced to move to Worcester.

Smith insisted he had never gone out with her because she told him that she had a boy friend in Beverly.

As for the picture, he said she had seen it in his sister's room during a visit the previous Christmas, and asked if she might have it.

"I really don't know why she wanted it," Smith said. "My guess is that she wanted to impress folks at the school. I mean—other teachers probably had pictures of men friends on display, and she wanted one, too."

"You weren't an admirer, then?"

"I don't say that," Smith protested. "I admired her very much. But she kind of steered me off with that talk about a boy friend in Beverly."

O'Neill's next stop was Worcester, where he had a talk with Marguerite's father, Charles W. Stewart.

The father could suggest no leads, insisted he hadn't the faintest idea who the girl had been running around with, and then let drop a totally unexpected revelation.

He said that little Jeanette, the student at the school in Beverly, was not Marguerite's sister but her daughter!

"And who is Jeanette's father?" O'Neill demanded.

"Young man, I wish I could tell you," said Stewart. "But I swear I do not know his name."

O'Neill rejoined Detective Sherlock in Worcester. Several hours before the funeral, they called on Wallace Stewart, the victim's brother.

"Mr. Stewart," said O'Neill, "we don't like to

"What's his record here?" O'Neill asked.

"Well," Chief Hubbard stretched out his hand, and scratched his cheek. "He has done a couple of mighty peculiar things. When he was 16—he must be about 34 now—he did something that might get him in a really awful jam. Last, it was all in the family."

He said that Knowlton's parents narrowly escaped death when revolver shots, fired in their bedroom, struck Mrs. Knowlton and inflicted a flesh wound on the father. Hinnman had been arrested, but the matter had been quickly hushed.

"One day in 1917, after he'd married," Hubbard continued, "he staged a fake suicide, leaving his clothes on the bank of a pond. We were arranging to drag the pond when we learned that he'd enlisted in the army and was training for war service in a camp in New Jersey. He was 23 when that happened."

THE investigators next called on Clarence J. Rhoades, Knowlton's assistant at the electrical shop. He remembered that Knowlton had spent quite a lot of time away from the shop on both Thursday and Friday. On Saturday he had done several things which puzzled his assistant.

"We were quite busy, but he took time to paint the rumble seat and floor of his motorcar. Rhoades told them 'Before he applied the paint, he washed out the entire rear compartment with a strong solution of chloride of lime.'"

"What time did he leave the shop Friday?"

"That also struck me as strange. We were still busy, yet he left in the middle of the afternoon. Said he was going to collect a bill from a man named Johnson in Sherborn."

"Notice anything about him when he got back?"

"Yes. He was all covered with mud."

The state officers arrested Knowlton the next morning, and took him to Cambridge. At first he insisted that he had never known Marguerite Stewart, then admitted he had met her while she was a student at the business college. She was then 18 or 19 years old.

District Attorney Bushnell asked "Are you the father of the child Jeanette?"

Knowlton asserted that he was not.

As for the events of Thursday and Friday:

"I got a letter from her, saying she was in trouble. Then she called me up and asked me to meet her in Boston Thursday evening. I called her back Thursday morning and told her I couldn't. She seemed very upset, said she would come to Framingham and meet me."

"And did she?"

"Yes. She caught the 7:30 out of South Station, and I met her at the Framingham station at 8:15. She got into my car and I started her to Beverly so that she would be in the school by 10:30. I told her that I couldn't advise her, that she would have to work it out for herself."

He insisted that he parted from her at about 10:20 at a corner near the school.

"She was laughing when she left me," he concluded.

Bushnell regarded him with complete disbelief. "Miss Stewart did not leave Beverly until 7, and her train did not get into North Station until 7:38," he said. "She could not have gotten to South Station, 10 minutes later, and caught the 7:30 train. And here's something else, Knowlton, why did you wait until 10:30 to go to Beverly?"

"I did a lot of driving Friday over muddy roads," the suspect replied, "and it is a habit of mine to keep my car clean."

"But that wasn't why you painted it, was it?"

"No. The reason I painted it was that I had spilled battery acid all over the rear compartment some weeks ago."

"Is that why you used chloride of lime?"

"Exactly."

HOWEVER, Knowlton had not done a completely thorough job. Traces of blood were found in the metal web beneath the footrest.

Also, his trousers showed traces of blood, and a pair of tweed trousers, which he had worn that Friday, had disappeared.

Also, the man John Hinnman, from whom Knowlton had collected a bill denied that he owed him anything, and anyway it would have been impossible for Knowlton to see him in Sherborn that day, since he had been living in Natick for the past three years.

Hinnman, who solved upon the wrong solution for unhappy Marguerite's dilemma, died in the electric chair on May 14, 1928.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the files of the Framingham police.



Thursday was her night out, I understand."

Miss McDermott nodded. "Just before she left, Miss Stewart called her little sister to her, kissed her good night, and told her to be a good girl."

"She seemed sad, did she?"

"Not sad, exactly. Serious, rather."

"But anyway she thought she had something on her mind."

"Yes."

In the slain woman's room, the officers noticed a photograph on her dresser. It was autographed "John Smith," and bore the inscription of a Marlboro, Mass., photographer.

NOT a single letter from any man could be found, but the wastebasket contained one possible clue. It was a brown paper wrapper, mailed in Framingham, Mass., and addressed to Miss Stewart in a man's handwriting.

O'Neill and Sherlock inquired as to the teacher's telephone calls. The school operator said that a man had been calling Miss Stewart every Thursday morning, but had never given his name.

He had called a bit earlier than usual on Thursday March 23.

Miss Stewart, the investigators learned, had taken the Boston train that Thursday evening, and had been seen leaving the North Station on her arrival in Boston.

bother you at a time like this, but we don't seem to be making much headway.

"We know that your sister received a telephone call from a man every Thursday morning, and he called as usual last Thursday."

"We've checked as much as we could on all her calls, and we've found that one was to the Knowlton Electrical Company in Framingham. Does that mean anything to you?"

"She went to business college in Framingham," Stewart said, "but that was eight or nine years ago."

The detectives hastened to Framingham and went into a huddle with Chief of Police William W. Hubbard. They learned that the business college was operated by Frederick H. Knowlton, town selectman.

Also, the man John Hinnman, from whom Knowlton had collected a bill denied that he owed him anything, and anyway it would have been impossible for Knowlton to see him in Sherborn that day, since he had been living in Natick for the past three years.

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August 10, 1917

"Nessie" Comes Home

A NOSTALGIC reminder of pre-war days bobbed up under a Scottish date line in the London press the other day—and for millions of Britons an old and intriguing argument was revived. Is there really a Loch Ness monster? If so, what is it?

Five Scots, all reputable citizens, reported they had recently sighted the huge serpent-like animal for the

famous creature's 11 turn.

"The monster was traveling diagonally across the loch when I sighted it," he related. "It traveled at high speed to the other side and submerged, about 200 yards off shore."

Four other men said they also saw it while they were riding in a car near the shore. One said it had a gleaming body and one



Five Scotsmen, All Reputable Citizens, Think They Have Glimpsed the Loch Ness Monster for the First Time Since Early in the War.

first time since the early war years.

This was cheering news for millions who more or less adopted the creature as a national pet back in the happy '30s. They'd always known, they said, that one of Mussolini's big raiding planes hadn't destroyed "Nessie" with bombs, as the official Fascist newspaper Popolo d'Italia claimed early in the war.

BUT other Britons scoffed at the reported reappearance. These skeptics a decade or so ago rejected oral accounts given by several hundred self-proclaimed eyewitnesses and they were equally unconvinced by affidavits from 55 persons who told under oath of glimpsing the monster.

"It's very odd," said the doubters, "that 'Nessie' came back just as North Scotland's 1917 tourist season was opening and just when his resurrection would most benefit his canny two-legged neighbors."

Scientists declined to comment, pending further evidence. But quite a few planned to vacation in the Loch Ness region and look into stories such as the one just told by J. W. McKillop, County Clerk of Inverness.

McKillop, an official noted for his sobriety even before the Scotch whisky famine, gave the first account of

hump. The others insisted they saw two humps.

Two Brighton showmen, Charles Taylor and Kenneth Moorhouse, think the elusive question mark would make a splendid addition to the Brighton Aquarium. They've offered \$8,000 for the monster, and if that doesn't bring results, they're prepared to go after it themselves—with deep-sea divers, speedboats, nets, harpoons and sounding apparatus.

Pre-war witnesses pictured a monster 12 to 100 feet long, with up to six humps. The creature had a long, snakelike neck, a small head, flippers and a large body and thick tail. It was shy and harmless. It swam with an undulating movement and churned up the waters of the narrow, 23-mile-long loch at fear, some speed, the witnesses, including the abbot of a nearby monastery, said.

"NESSIE" may be a sea-serpent, a plesiosaur survivor from the prehistoric past, something else—or a nightmarish figment of imagination, some authorities have suggested.

Whatever the case, it seems "Nessie" is home again and a more determined effort than ever will be made to solve the mystery of his—or her—private life.

The Boy Plunger

JESSE Lauriston Livermore's life was one long gamble. In his youth, he gambled his job against a future as a Wall Street speculator—and won, temporarily. In the next 37 years, as the spectacular "Boy Plunger," he won and lost four huge fortunes and gambled himself into a giddy whirl of money, mansions and marriages. At the end he shot himself. Livermore was only one of many men who pitted their hunches against the ups and downs of the stock

market—and lost. Read the first in a new series of articles entitled "Wall Street Gamblers" beginning next week.

IT took over two decades for Mrs. Perle Mesta, widow of an Oklahoma multimillionaire, to attain the Washington, D. C., social throne. But she has finally conquered the nation's capital, thanks to her unparalleled dinner parties. Don't miss next week's fascinating article on "Washington's Lady Dictator."

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It's my business to know what's best for the beauty of my Pin-up Girls. The kind of shampoo they use is vitally important. I insist they steer clear of the harsh, tricky kinds that dry out hair, leave it lifeless and frizzy. I urge them to use Laco Castile Shampoo. I've found this fine olive oil shampoo imparts shimmering soft waves, brilliant highlights to hair."



Laco GENUINE CASTILE Shampoo
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Makes drinks taste better...costs less!

YES...it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.
YES...it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!



28 August 10, 1917

Letters to the Editor

YOUR article, "The Dignity of Labor -- Bank Clerks," was much appreciated by those of us who are used to receiving kind, courteous service from the men who work behind the bank cages.

Like others who serve the public, theirs is not an easy job, but the bank clerks I have met have all been of very pleasant disposition.

By the way, we'd like to see an article on bus drivers and street-car motormen as part of this series.

William Bartholomew
Portland, Ore.

(Reader Bartholomew must be clairvoyant. The American Weekly is working on a Dignity of Labor article titled, "Motormen and Bus Drivers."—Ed.)

I noticed in one of your recent issues that a series of your "My Faith" articles, written by leading scientists, is available in pamphlet form.

As a minister of the Gospel, I am deeply interested and would greatly appreciate a copy.

I. G. Marlin
Pastor, Methodist Church
Lincolnton, Ga.

(Pastor Marlin has been sent a copy of the "My Faith" booklet.—Ed.)

Would you be so kind as to send me copies of The American Weekly for April 20 and 27, containing your "Destiny of Man" articles? Congratulations on these excellent articles. They will be valuable additions to my files.

C. H. Brannon
State Entomologist
Raleigh, N. C.

(State Entomologist Brannon has been sent copies of the articles he requested.—Ed.)

In reply to Nurse Allison, who didn't believe Navy Pharmacist's Mate Albert Massoth was qualified to take a nurse's examination because he hadn't been to nursing school, I think she's dead wrong.

Some of these men learned more from Navy doctors in a year than the average medical student learns in 2-4 years of college. If Massoth took the exams, Nurse Allison might get a big surprise.

Olene Gauntt
Gulfport, Miss.

I think that any man who has been a Pharmacist's Mate on a hospital ship or battlefield is qualified to say he knows a good deal about nursing. Does M. Allison want a medal for learning her stuff from books?

C. F. Burroughs, Sig. 2c
F. P. O., New York, N. Y.

Those boys overseas had to be good. They knew the lives of their buddies depended entirely on them when there was no doctor near by.

Arthur Kramer
New York, N. Y.

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 West Street, New York 7, N. Y.

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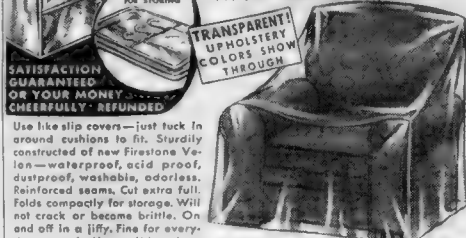
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What do doctors say about it?

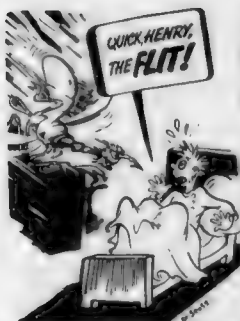
Briefly this: that margarine is a dependable supplier of Vitamin A the year round—and that it is a high-quality spread with no superior in energy content.

How much will it save me?

It depends, of course, on how much you use, but every delicious pound of thrifty margarine saves you nickels and dimes that add up mighty fast.

WHY THIS PAGE IS YELLOW It is so you will again ask yourself, "Why can't I get margarine ready-colored yellow the way I want it?" In fact, this yellow color is to remind you that horse-and-buggy legislation dating back to 1886, through heavy taxation and license fees, restricts the sale of margarine colored by the manufacturer. No other food is so penalized and discriminated against.

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For Color Harmony in Your Home Read About the B.H.F. Plan in Doris Denison's Column in This Issue of The American Weekly.

Household Almanac

—Amy Alden

Small Sister Has a Party



"MAMA, what now?" is a familiar question when the small sister of the family has her playmates in for the afternoon. Why not let them have a good time entertaining themselves with a party either indoors or out depending on the weather? Place these goody recipes in your special file for party selections in days to come. The simple sweets—cookies, small decorated cakes and ice cream are very close to a youngster's heart, and they will ask for the same ones again and again. You will find that they are a simple solution to keeping them busy and out from underfoot on a summer day.

Cookie Dolls

2½ cups sifted flour
3 tps. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. ginger
1 tsp. cinnamon
¼ tsp. powdered cloves
¼ cup molasses
¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg, well beaten
¼ cup melted shortening
Currants or raisins
¼ cup confectioners' sugar
2 tps. warm water
Sift together first six ingredients. Combine next four; then add the sifted dry ingredients. Mix well; chill for 1 hr. Roll out on a floured board to about ¼ thick; cut out with doll-shaped cutter, or sharp knife and cardboard doll model. Make eyes, nose, and mouth with cut-up currants. Bake on greased cookie sheets in moderately hot oven of 375° F. for about 10 to 12 min., or until done. Remove to wire rack, and cool. For frosting, combine confectioners' sugar and water, and stir free of lumps. Use pastry tube or paper cornucopia to make bows and buttons on cookies. Makes 36 dolls.

Sponge Cake

1 cup sifted cake flour
5 egg yolks
1 cup sifted sugar
1¼ tps. grated lemon rind
1¼ tps. lemon juice
2 tps. water
5 egg whites (at room temperature)
¼ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. cream of tartar
Sift flour once. Measure and sift 4 times. Place egg yolks in small bowl and

add ½ cup sugar gradually, beating constantly. Combine lemon rind, juice and water and add to egg mixture gradually, beating until very thick and light. Add flour all at once and fold in until just blended. Beat whites and salt until foamy. Add cream of tartar and beat until stiff but not dry. Add remaining ½ cup sugar, about 2 tps. at a time, beating well. Fold in egg yolk mixture, turn into ungreased 9" tube pan. Bake in moderate oven of 350 deg. F. for 35 min.

Orange Frosting

2 tps. butter or fortified margarine
2 egg yolks, beaten
2½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar
2 tps. grated orange rind
2 tps. orange juice
2 tps. lemon juice
Cream butter. Stir in egg yolks. Then beat in about 1 cup sugar. Add grated rind and juices. Work in remaining sugar until creamy. Use to frost sponge cake. Decorate with silver or chocolate shot.

Filled Caramel-Nut Wafers

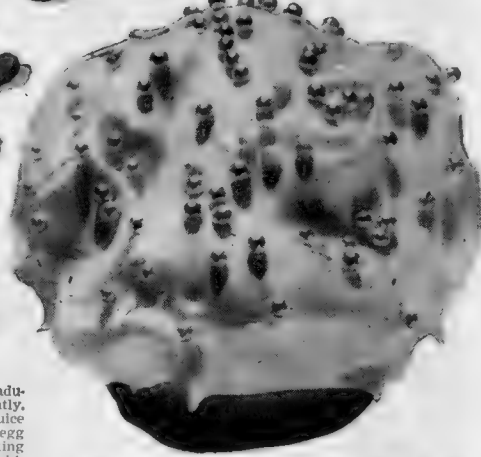
Filling
¾ cup dark-brown sugar, firmly packed
6 tps. light cream
1 tsp. butter or fortified margarine
½ cup chopped walnuts
Combine sugar, cream, and butter in saucepan; cook to 238° F., or until a little of mixture forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Cool. Add nuts; beat until thick enough to spread. Make wafers while filling cools.

Wafers

¼ cup butter or margarine



Cookie Dolls Go With Frosted Sponge Cake Topped With Silver Shot.



¾ cup granulated sugar
1 egg, well beaten
¼ tsp. vanilla flavoring
¾ cup sifted flour
Work butter with spoon until creamy; gradually beat in sugar. Add egg and vanilla; beat until light. Stir in flour; mix smooth. Spread mixture ¼" thick on well-greased cookie sheet in rectangle about 11"x8". Bake in oven of 325 deg. F. 20 min., or until browned. Remove from oven; cut into 1½" squares. While squares are still warm, spread half with filling. Top with remaining squares. Makes 14 wafers.

Chocolate Squares

2 cups broken-up graham crackers
1 cup sweetened condensed milk
1 7-oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate in bits
Combine crackers with condensed milk and semi-sweet chocolate in bits. Spread mixture smooth, in a greased 8"x8"x2" square cake pan with waxed paper in bottom. Bake in moderate oven of 350° F. for 30 min. Cut in squares while warm, and remove from pan. Makes 16.

Sugar Cookies

¼ cup shortening
1 cup granulated sugar
1 egg, well beaten
2 cups sifted flour
¾ tps. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
2 tps. milk
1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
¼ tsp. almond flavoring
Sugar
Cream shortening. Then

gradually beat in sugar. Beat in egg. Sift flour, baking powder and salt; stir into shortening mixture with milk. Blend in flavorings. Chill until dough can be handled easily. Roll out on floured board to ¼" thickness. Cut into small stars, circles, etc. Place on greased cookie sheets; sprinkle with sugar tinted with a little vegetable coloring. Bake in moderate oven of 350° F. 8 min. or until light golden brown. Makes 12 doz.

Old-Fashioned Lemon-Custard Ice Cream

1 pt. milk
3 eggs or 6 yolks
¼ tsp. salt
¾ cup granulated sugar
1 pt. heavy cream
1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
2 tps. lemon flavoring
1½ cups milk in double boiler. Beat eggs; add salt, sugar and remaining ½ cup cold milk. Stir slowly into hot milk, cook over hot water, stirring until mixture coats a clean metal spoon. Remove from heat; add cream and flavorings. Freeze in 2-qt. freezer until difficult to turn, using 8 parts crushed ice to 1 part ice cream salt. Then remove dasher; pack ice cream down; cover tightly; drain off water; pack to ripen for about 2 hrs. Makes 1½ qts.

Cocoa Filbert Balls

1 7-oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate
¾ cup evaporated milk
36 shelled filberts
2 tps. cocoa
2 tps. confectioners' sugar
Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Stir in the milk, and cook, stirring for 20 min., or until very thick. Turn into a bowl, chill until cold enough to handle. Mold a teaspoonful of chocolate mixture around each filbert; drop balls into mixed cocoa and sugar for coating. Makes 3 doz.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 383, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| (A) 7-Day Diet | (80) Desserts and Sweets |
| (89) Labeled House Diet | (81) Favorite Beers |
| (64) Famous Recipes | (82) Flea and Fleas |
| (65) New England Recipes | (83) Favorite Soup Recipes |
| (63) Land Recipes | (84) Meats for Family Meals |
| (61) Quick Hot Bread | (85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes |
| (62) Pancakes and Roll-Tops | (86) Delicious Vegetables |
| (59) Casserole Recipes | (87) Almanac Potato Recipes |
| (57) Quickly Prepared Meals | (88) Popular Salad Recipes |
| (55) Good Curry Dishes | (89) Salads and Dressings |
| (53) Favorite Mexican Recipes | (90) Almanac Cookies |
| (51) Foreign Recipes | (91) Almanac Cakes |
| (49) Almanac Bread & Rolls | (92) Almanac Pie Recipes |
| (47) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts | (93) Keep Cool Dinner Dishes |
| (45) Favorite Hebrew Recipes | (94) Almanac Preserve Recipes |
| (43) Favorite Almanac Cakes | (95) Canning, Drying Recipes |
| (41) New Cakes | (96) Good Drinks & Desserts |

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Doctors prescribe

Swift's Meats for Babies

**Meat gives your baby a better chance
for his best growth and development!**



**Never before—all meat products
SO ECONOMICAL... SO EASY
to serve to baby!**

Prepared to doctors' specifications from selected, lean U. S. Government Inspected Meats—trimmed and cooked just right for your baby by experts!
2 special forms—Swift's Strained Meats for young babies... soft, moist and smooth as custard.
Swift's Diced Meats—tender, juicy, bite-size cubes.
6 tempting kinds—beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver and heart.
2 or 3 servings per tin—only a few cents each. A fraction of the cost of home preparation!
No work—no waste... they're ready to heat and serve!

Get a supply today!

100% body-building meats complete baby's meal

Modern knowledge of nutrition enables you to give your baby a head start in life... a variety of foods gives him ingredients for health. Meat, with its body-building proteins, is now part of baby's diet *in life*—for good reason! Meat gives baby an even better chance for development!

Today, when your doctor prescribes meat in your baby's diet, you can feed it easily, economically with Swift's specially prepared Strained and Diced Meats. No fuss and bother of scraping, sieving or cooking—no waste! Swift's Meats for Babies are 100% body-building meat, ready to heat and serve!

**MOTHER! Here's why Swift's Meats for Babies
meet the exacting requirements of infant feeding**

1. Good nutrition—for growth



Your baby grows so fast he needs three to four times more protein, proportionately, than you do! He gets complete body-building proteins in Swift's Meats for Babies—important vitamins and iron, too, for good red blood! Remember, a small amount of meat in a mixture of foods does not meet baby's big protein need! Be sure—feed Swift's Meats for Babies—they're all meat.

2. Compact nourishment—baby's stomach is small



Your baby is so tiny he can eat only a small amount of food each day—yet he is building his body for life! Every day he needs the nutrients—proteins, important B vitamins and blood-building iron—that meat provides so abundantly. Swift's Meats for Babies furnish body-building nourishment in compact form.

3. Controlled feeding—for individual needs



Your doctor prescribes a special formula... a special diet for your baby, because no two babies are alike. A mixture of foods already prepared may be all right for one baby—wrong for your baby. The best way... the surest way... the way your doctor recommends, is to feed baby's foods separately so you can control and balance the amounts exactly. Swift's Strained and Diced Meats make it easy to feed your baby the exact amount of meat that's right for him.

4. Variety—to form good eating habits



Doctors say your baby needs a variety of tastes and textures in his diet to help him form nutritionally sound eating habits. That's why baby's foods are best fed *separately*—not all mixed together—so that he gets to know different flavors, acquaints him with a variety of foods—meats, vegetables, fruits, milk and cereals—sooner. Meats for Babies acquaint your baby with six wholesome, distinct flavors of meats he will like to eat throughout life.

Ask your doctor when to start your baby on Swift's Strained or Swift's Diced Meats. Your nearby food store has them now.



Every nutritional statement made on this page is accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



SWIFT & COMPANY • CHICAGO 9, ILLINOIS

Now I clean my sink fast
this safe,
easy way!



No more dirt-catching scratches! No more hard scrubbing! No more reddened hands! Not when you use Bon Ami—the fast, safe cleanser. Bon Ami is different—it cleans without grit. Gives a rich, lustrous sparkle as it cleans. It's so smooth—your bathtub and sink keep that shiny "new" look. So fine your hands stay soft and nice. Start cleaning today this safe, easy way.



Joan Leslie discovers New Improved DRENE



JOAN LESLIE, star of Eagle-Lions
"REPEAT PERFORMANCE"

So new! The Miracle Shampoo that lets your hair Shine like the Stars

JOAN LESLIE, bright young Hollywood star, tells you: "It's marvelous the way new Drene keeps hair shining!"

Now you can have hair that shines like the stars—with this wonderfully improved Drene! For it now makes quicker, richer, more active lather. Brings out all the sheen in your hair. Far more sheer—by actual test—than any soap shampoo.

And new improved Drene never dries out your hair. Instead, it actually helps avoid dryness from shampooing. Yes, leaves your hair softer, smoother, far easier to set, curl, and arrange. Try new Drene! At your dealer's now in the same blue-and-yellow package.



Now! Better for all types of hair—

The Epicure

SALADS

By PETER DONALD

WHO says men are salad sissies? As for me I'm concerned nothing suits me better in the heat of a summer day than a cool refreshing salad. Especially a cherry salad. To dash this one up in no time flat, remove the pits from two cups of fresh cherries, add one cup of English walnuts (chopped), one cup chopped celery and three-fourths cup mayonnaise. Chill this, arrange pictorially on a lettuce heart, and to make a terrific spurge, place a whole cherry on the top. Chances are you'll be on the road to becoming salad queen before long.

Another favorite salad is my endive concoction. Just wash the endive clean, mix with some boiled dressing, and some freshly fried squares of bacon, and serve. If the boiled dressing is heated just before it's poured over the endive, the results are doubly tasty. The boiled dressing, incidentally, is made by creaming three tablespoons of butter, adding one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon mustard, one-half teaspoon paprika and one cup of hot milk. Pour this mixture into three egg yolks. Cook this in a double boiler until it's thick, then add one-quarter cup vinegar and strain. You can add some onion to the endive salad, too, if you like the spice it lends.

Then there's the spinach salad into which you can throw anything and everything. Mix two cups cold cooked and seasoned spinach with four hard-boiled eggs finely chopped. Press this into timbale molds (if you want to be fancy), chill, and remove from the

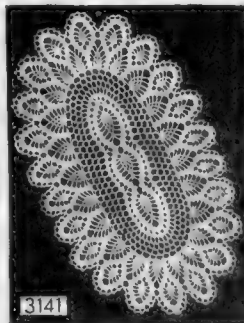


Peter Donald, the Son of a Scottish Comedian, Has Been an Entertainer All His Life. He is Famous as a Recitator and Mimic Both on the Stage and Radio.

molds. Arrange this on leafy lettuce, decorate with slices of hard-boiled eggs (you can arrange these like daisies to keep in with the summer theme), add some sour red beets, crisp green pepper slices, sliced tomatoes, and serve. French dressing, mayonnaise or cream dressing can be served with it.

These are all simple salads designed to give you the best in vitamins and pleasure. Men do like salads if they're fixed attractively and served in Brian size portions.

Spotlight Patterns



3141—These lace pineapple doilies are so lovely for luncheon, buffet or dresser sets. Done in string they cost little in time and money. Directions for two doilies.

3135—You'll look so slim and smart in this two-piece. Panels and darts are properly placed to flatter your figure. Scallops add charm. Sizes 34-44. Size 36-38, 3 yards 39-inch material.

3134—Princess panels slenderize, the embroidered yoke adds glamour. Easy, simple stitches, quick to do. Jr. Miss sizes 11 to 17. Size 11 requires 2 1/2 yds. 39-inch. Transfer included.

Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coins). From Misses' SIZES, SEVERAL NUMBERS, NAME ADDRESS, Send orders to THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, 635 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.



Sieglar PATENTED OIL HEATER



Tropical Floor Heat
WIDE THE HEAT WITH LESS OIL
GETS TO THE BOTTOM OF THE COLD FLOOR PROBLEM
Finished in Sparkling Porcelain

AT ALL LEADING FURNITURE HARDWARE AND APPLIANCE STORES

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You May Never Be a Schiaparelli or a Lilly Dache

Even though you may never be a great designer, it's fun to make your own fashions from The American Weekly pattern features.

"To swim or not to swim"—that is the question

Whether to "sit out" some sunny days in a beach chair when that time-of-the-month arrives



Since your mother's day, there has been quite a change of heart by authorities on this subject. Great numbers of normal, healthy women now take their usual vacation any day of the month. An important factor has been the growing use of Tampax as an ideal method for monthly sanitary protection. In a swim suit, you obviously need a form of protection which cannot possibly "show through"... Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in throw-away applicators. Requires no belts, pads or external pads—quick to change and unfelt when in place. No odor. No chafing. Easy disposal... Prepare for next period with this modern Tampax. At drug or notion counter in 3 absorbency-sizes—Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply fits into purse; economy box holds 4 months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Falmers, Mass.

SLICK TRICK with SCOTCH TAPE



MAKE re-sealing latch on envelopes for insurance policies, stamps, important papers by sticking two strips of "Scotch" Tape to envelope under flap. Then seal flap with another strip of tape, over first two, folding end back for a pull tab.



SCOTCH TAPE
SEALS WITHOUT MOISTENING
TRANSPARENT AS GLASS
2½" x 36" long, dispenser, variety, stationary and hardware stores.

MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO.
3M COMPANY
St. Paul 6, Minn.
© 1943 3M CO.

SCIENCE WINS BIG BOUT ON WATCH TROUBLE

Newly discovered alloy now used to make a miracle mainspring

Always the mainspring—"powerhouse"—of a watch has been a major source of trouble. For the best steel mainsprings ever made frequently "set" the power. Or, weakened by rust, they break.

High humidity with a sudden drop in temperature can cause condensation of a droplet of moisture inside the case. A tiny pin point of rust starts. Soon—"ping" goes the spring!

But now comes the Elgin Watch Company's discovery of an alloy far superior to steel for mainsprings. Elgin's new DuraPower Mainspring eliminates 99% of repairs due to steel mainspring failures. It retains its original resiliency indefinitely, gives a steady flow of power for lasting accuracy. And it will not rust! Only Elgin Watches including Lord and Lady Elgins and Elgin De Luxe have this miracle mainspring, and at no extra cost. Look for the symbol "dp" on the dial. Also at repair shops for replacement in many previous Elgin models.

*Patent Pending



Stop Scratching

Check It In A Jiffy

Serious infection is often caused by digging at or scratching itching skin. For quick soothing relief from itching caused by eczema, pimples, factory itch, athlete's foot, dermatitis and other itch troubles use Dr. Demco formula—cooling, medicated, liquid D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless, Triabottle, 35c. The first application positively checks that cruel, burning itch, or your money back. Don't suffer! Ask your druggist today for—

D.D.D. Prescription

Lips ARE IN THE NEWS



Kelly Bird

By Sasey Young

LIPS have notably changed in recent months—both in the color they're sporting and in shape.

Color has taken a turn for the softer, more subdued tones. The garish, shrieking deep purples, which made the face nothing but mouth, look definitely dated. The new lip colors do a better job of blending into the whole make-up. They complement, rather than contrast. And in doing so, they give a soft-spoken, lady-like appearance to the wearer.

The new colors have taken on a flower-soft pinkness, or, to go with your suntan, there are red tans and rust shades. It may take a little time to get used to these new colors, but I've noticed the advance fashion brigade going in for them—and pretty.

As for Shape

THE new shape of your lips follows a natural outline as much as feasible. Giving yourself the broadened curve near the end of your upper lip is, thank goodness, passe. There was never anything graceful about that line. It looked like a sneer—even on lively bobby-soxers with laughing mouths.

If you must improve on nature because, say, you have a narrow upper lip, let your lipstick brush follow merely the outer rim of your natural lip line. If the lower lip is much fuller, apply a heavier coat of color on the upper lip.

At any rate, instead of camouflaging your entire mouth under a smear, instead of making your lip line look like Sister Sue's or some movie star's, let it

be strictly your very own, a characteristic that says quite frankly, "This is the way I look."

Lip Aids

TO HELP you define your new lip line with ease and finesse, you may want a new lipstick brush. Two new brushes that have come to our attention have done away with unnecessary fumbling. Usually, you take out your lipstick and brush. You remove the cap from the brush. It rolls under the table. After you retrieve it, finally, you put the brush down to remove the lipstick cap. That, too, sometimes rolls away. You need four hands to hold on to the caps and the lipstick and brush.

Not being equipped with the extra appendages, I was happy to come across a nice, compact little brush that comes out of its case merely by pushing a button. After use, the same button removes it from view. No fumble.

And one well-known cosmetic firm is putting lipstick and brush right in the same case together.

Too, there's a new lip cleanser out. It comes in a purse-sized bottle complete with a little narrow mirror on back. Removes caked lipstick, leaving the lips smooth. The cleanser is a boon for mid-day touch-ups.

And, there's a new liquid which goes over your lips and keeps the lipstick on longer.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York City. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for E.M.H. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- | | |
|--|---|
| ☐ (1) Skin Care | ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair |
| ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide | ☐ (7) Hand Care |
| ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes | ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet |
| ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure | ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise |
| ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs | ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair |
| ☐ (11) Face, Throat | ☐ and Neck Massage. |



Are you sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection 24 hours of every day? Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but...

It gives you the exclusive EXTRA protection of HALGENE... the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.

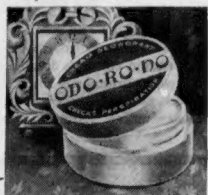
One application of Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

Does not irritate. So safe—can be used after shaving.

Stays creamy-smooth to the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)



24-hour protection with Odorono Cream

STOP CORNS!



CORNS STOPPED

INSTANT RELIEF

Promptly protect sore toes from tight shoes with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and you'll stop corns before they can develop! But—if you have corns—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will instantly stop painful shoe friction, lift pressure and quickly remove corns. Try them!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

SQUIRMY—

"Geta 'em Worms" the sensational plastic worm. Withers and wriggles more naturally than nature. Fish grab them. Send one dollar for twenty-four, plus fascinating sports catalog. Duplicates omitted.



SERVICE CRAFT DIV. Dept. 31, St. Paul.

Now... MINNO MAGIC

Crack fish after fish with the new MINNO! \$1.25 Transparent plastic case holds live minnow. Give full live action. Send cash, money order or check.

Mark Ltd., Dept. 33 • P.O. Box 9, Toledo 12, Ohio

PERFECTO Golf Ball Marker

Initial balls quickly, easily with this vent pocket size embosher. Guaranteed to give perfect results for life. Send for yours today.

SERVICE CRAFT DIV. Dept. 31, St. Paul.

Patterns for Chic Fashions Appear in Every Issue.

August 10, 1947

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 33



Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot "Bugs" on contact!



Here you see a picture, much enlarged, of the parasitic growth which causes the pain and maddening itching of Athlete's Foot. These tiny organisms, invisible to the naked eye, flourish on perspiration products and dead skin. When they attack raw flesh and torment delicate nerve endings, every step is torture.

Here you see a picture (same magnification) of the Athlete's Foot organisms *after* contact with Absorbine Jr. Note how the growth has wilted and died. No longer can it cause ceaseless itching and pain. Contact with Absorbine Jr. has *killed* the parasitic growth . . . and that's the fast, effective action you want!



Look for Cracks between your toes

When feet are hot and steaming, perspiration between the toes irritates the skin, often to the point where it cracks and shreds away in moist patches. This common summer condition invites an attack of Athlete's Foot! The ever-present organisms multiply fast in warm weather . . . they attack raw flesh through the open cracks, and every step is agony! Don't take needless chances. Examine your feet tonight and every night.



Apply Absorbine Jr. full strength

Apply Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning, at the first sign of cracked skin between the toes. It kills the Athlete's Foot organisms on contact. To guard against reinfection: Don't share towels or bathmats. Boil socks at least 15 minutes to kill the organisms. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your physician.

Absorbine Jr. also benefits you four other important ways:

1. It dries the skin between the toes, discouraging future attacks of Athlete's Foot.
2. It relieves itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.
3. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot organisms thrive.
4. It cleanses and helps heal broken tissue.

Play Safe!

Daily hygiene! You can help ward off Athlete's Foot by applying Absorbine Jr. to your feet *every day*! Cooling and refreshing after bathing. Absorbine Jr. has also been famous for more than 50 years for the relief of muscular aches and pains. At all drugstores. \$1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.



Cool off Feet with an Ice-Mint treat

Every day, people who suffer from tired, burning feet are enjoying quick, thrilling comfort by using Ice-Mint. Under the touch of this frosty-white medicinal cream, you actually feel tired muscles relax, as your feet respond almost instantly to its refreshing coolness.

Grand, too, to help soften callouses and corns. Get foot-happy today the easy Ice-Mint way. At drug and department stores.



Canadian Distributor:
Methylin Inc., Ltd., Toronto 10

What is Your Skin Trouble?

If externally-caused pimples, eczema, or other minor skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, try this 10-Day Test. Apply clean, pleasant-scented MERCIREX (mercury-free) Ointment every day according to directions in package. Mercirex is medicated with 51.2 active ingredients that help soothe the itching, smother pimples and bumps, help correct dryness, prevent head infection. Fresh-dried, stainless. Can be used any time. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days. Ointment, 50¢. Mercirex Soap, 50¢. Mercirex Shampoo, 50¢. At drugstores.

MERCIREX FOR THE SKIN
OINTMENT • SOAP • SHAMPOO

Keep the Youngsters Happy During the Hot Summer by Using the Delicious Ice Cream, Cookies and Cake Recipes on the Household Almanac Page in This Issue of The American Weekly.

August 10, 1947

KEY TO COLOR HARMONY

By Doris Denison

COLOR is one of the most important elements in your home. It sets the tone, adds interest, and gives verve to your furnishings. But how often have you been faced with problems of combining, matching and blending hues which seemed almost hopeless—until your room became in your mind a scramble of blue chairs, rose draperies, green carpets and gray walls? Or

furnishings, are cooperating on the plan, so that B. H. F. products include such items as carpets and rugs, drapery and upholstery fabrics, wallpaper, lamps, curtains, upholstered furniture, paints, accessories, and even pictures. You will find these furnishings in modern as well as in period and traditional designs, and they are available in a wide price range to fit your budget plans.

How Plan Works

LET'S suppose you are in the market for a new rug and new draperies. On the rug you will find the B. H. F. label with the color checked. When you visit



perhaps you bought new upholstery material in a "good" neutral color to go with everything, only to find that it usually went with nothing and the general effect was pretty drab. Don't be discouraged. Something new has been added to home furnishings shopping to help solve these problems and to make it unnecessary for you to run from store to store with swatches and other samples trying to match a variety of hues.

B. H. F. Plan

THE "something" new is the Basic Home Furnishings Colorcade Plan, known as "B. H. F.", which has recently increased its number of colors from nine to 15 to offer the widest possible choice of color combinations. Further, each color has several values from light to dark.

Manufacturers, representing all branches of home

the drapery department to make your selection, just tell the salesperson that you have purchased a Great Lakes blue rug. He will then show you B. H. F. bleached drapery fabric, in a number of designs and patterns, to blend, match or contrast with your new floor covering.

The 15 color groups available are gray, blue, burgundy, green, mauve, peach, beige, rose, tan, emerald green, turquoise, daisy red, yellow gold, chocolate brown and yellow green.

Another feature of this plan is the ease with which you can buy replacements in your home. If you are biggiting your shopping expenditures and buying new furnishings gradually over a period of time, you can be sure they will still fit together as cozily as when in a pod. There is no danger of "off colors" or "almost matching."

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

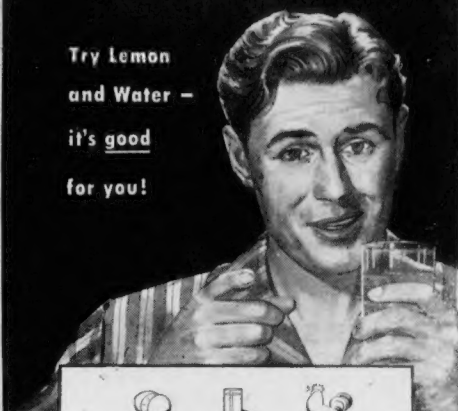
Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for E.A.C.H. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD

- | | |
|---|---|
| ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care | ☐ (26) Streamline Closets |
| ☐ (22) Easy Laundering | ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs |
| ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery | ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers |
| ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug | ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets |
| ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate | ☐ (30) Sew Right |
| ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades | |

Bet you don't need a harsh LAXATIVE

Try Lemon
and Water —
it's good
for you!



JUICE OF ONE
FRESH LEMON



IN A GLASS
OF WATER



FIRST THING
ON ARISING

Lemon and water, when taken first thing on arising, makes harsh laxatives entirely unnecessary for most people.

This natural fruit drink—simply the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—is all that most people need to insure prompt, gentle, normal elimination. And unlike harsh laxatives, which irritate the system and impair nutrition, lemon and water is good for you!

Millions Take Lemons for Health. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which helps to restore energy and to resist colds and infection. They supply valuable amounts of B₁ and P. They alkalize. They aid appetite and digestion. National surveys show 12,000,000 Americans now take lemon and water as a regulator or health builder.

Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has only enough tang to be refreshing: clears the mouth, wakes you up. Try it 10 days and see if you don't benefit.

Califone Sunkist



Keep regular the beautiful way!

LEMON and WATER
—first thing on arising



Keep Your
Beauty

Beautiful hair—beautiful skin—beautiful figure! Well, keep yourself that way. Reprints of The American Weekly articles which tell you how to help keep your beauty are available. See the box in this issue that tells you how to get them.

EVERSHARP PEN SALE!

Prices Cut up to 60%

DEALERS' STOCKS LIMITED
SO BUY NOW!

EVERSHARP
CA REPEATER PEN
14 KARAT GOLD FILLED

~~\$25.00~~

ALSO \$12.50 MODEL—NOW \$9.95

NOW!
\$9.95

Every color—every combination—from 14-karat gold-filled to stainless steel and smart modern plastics is included in this drastic slash. We do not know how long your dealer's inventories will last—but while they do, you can own one or more of these fine EVERSHARP CA Pens at saving as high as 60%. Here is value that might never be duplicated. Here is an opportunity that you cannot afford to miss. It's wise to make your choice while dealers' stocks last and that won't be for long!

EVERSHARP
CA PEN

14 KARAT GOLD FILLED CAP

~~\$15.00~~

NOW!
\$7.95

EVERSHARP
CA PEN

STAINLESS STEEL CAP

~~\$8.75~~

NOW!
\$5.95

NO FED. TAX

EVERSHARP
CA PEN

TWO-TONE PLASTIC

~~\$6.95~~

NOW!
\$3.95

NO FED. TAX

SERVICE
GUARANTEED
FOREVER

If your EVERSHARP ever needs service and is returned to EVERSHARP, we will put it in good working order functionally for only 35¢, except for missing parts, accidental or willful damage. This service is guaranteed, not for years, not for life, but Guaranteed Forever.

**HURRY!
HURRY!
HURRY!
BUY YOURS NOW!**

Give *EVERSHARP*—and you give the finest! *save on*